

Illinois U. Library

THE LISTENER, SEPTEMBER 13, 1956. Vol. LVI. No. 1433.

PRICE TEN CENTS

The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



'Innocence', a photograph by Tchan Fou-Li at the forty-seventh international exhibition of the London Salon of Photography

In this number:

France's Retreat from Empire (Darsie Gillie)
Letter to a Young Composer (Edmund Rubbra)
Tyranny by Law (R. W. K. Hinton)



A challenge to alert minds

The great and swiftly growing petroleum chemicals industry, in which the Shell Chemical Company has always played a leading and pioneering part, is the one industry essential to practically all other industries. It is now supplying the major share of the nation's chemical needs and opening up a new age of more efficient processing and better products. As Shell scientists delve ever deeper into petroleum's flexible and generous heart, new base materials are being developed—materials that reveal fresh worlds of possibility for questing minds, that are stimulating new ways of thinking in dozens of industries, from surface coatings to agriculture, from laundering to electronics. Here, for the adventurous, is the inspiration for new departures, to capture markets and enrich living standards. In this new world of chemicals... *you can be sure of Shell.*



SHELL CHEMICAL COMPANY LIMITED

NORMAN HOUSE, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Inset: 3

SAILOR ON HORSEBACK



R. C. LANT, Assistant Engineer aboard the P & O ship, HIMALAYA.

STEADY on lad! You've got more than twenty one thousand horses harnessed to that wheel. It's only half the stable—but the rest are ready, too. What's holding them? You. At this moment you're the boss. A glance at the telegraph indicator... a turn applied smoothly but firmly... your wish is their command. You can almost hear their hoofbeats in the hiss of steam through the turbines. You can almost hear them snort as the gears take the load. Listen closely. Some power! Some responsibility!

Even that's not the whole story. You work four hours on and eight off. While you're on, you nurse that head of steam... cosset pumps, tank and generators... machine new parts to keep your horses fed and shod. When you're off you sleep and study. You are under supervision now. But after 18 months afloat you sit for your Certificate. Second-class Engineer. Another 18 months and you sit again. First-class Engineer.

One day you will be Chief—master of a whole glittering labyrinth of steel and power. Today, you are R. C. Lant, Assistant Engineer aboard the P & O ship HIMALAYA... sailor on horseback... man with a future. And for you and others like you, that's some future! Because P & O is a lifeline of the Commonwealth.

Operating from 122 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3,
the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company
links Britain and Britons with the
Mediterranean, Egypt, Pakistan, India,
Ceylon, Australia, Malaya and the Far East.

P & O

A COMMONWEALTH LIFELINE

The Listener

Vol. LVI. No. 1433

Thursday September 13 1956

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:		RELIGION:	
France's Retreat from Empire (Darsie Gillie) ...	367	The Tactics of Meditation (Very Rev. M. C. D'Arcy, S.J.) ...	386
The United States in Election Year (Peter Rawlinson, M.P.) ...	369	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:	
Oil without the Suez Canal (F. D. Walker) ...	369	From W. S. Cormack, Thomas McPherson, H. H. Hobbs, T. C. Foley, J. Beattie, Lord Brabazon of Tara, F. Fairer Smith, Professor J. Gordon Parr, Rev. Hugh Cuthbertson, and G. O. Griffith ...	
ASPECTS OF AFRICA:		389	
The Position of Indians in South Africa (S. Cooppan) ...	370	ART: Henri Matisse in Paris (pictures) ...	
THE LISTENER:		390	
The Future of Cricket ...	372	LITERATURE:	
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ...	372	The Listener's Book Chronicle ...	
DID YOU HEAR THAT? (microphone miscellany) ...	373	New Novels (Seán O'Faoláin) ...	
PHILOSOPHY:		391	
A Society without a Metaphysics (Alasdair MacIntyre) ...	375	394	
POEMS:		CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:	
Of the Way (Harry C. Haines) ...	376	Television Documentary (Reginald Pound) ...	
Spleen (Michael Hatwell) ...	380	Television Drama (Philip Hope-Wallace) ...	
FAMILY PORTRAITS—V:		Sound Drama (J. C. Trewin) ...	
Plain Living and High Thinking (Andrew Wordsworth) ...	377	The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong) ...	
LETTERS TO BEGINNERS—VII:		Music (Dyneley Hussey) ...	
Letter to a Young Composer (Edmund Rubbra) ...	379	399	
HISTORY: Tyranny by Law (R. W. K. Hinton) ...	381	MUSIC: Byrd and the Catholic Liturgy (Wifrid Mellers) ...	
AUTOBIOGRAPHY: Two Edwardian Families (Donald Boyd) ...	382	401	
NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ...	384	FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ...	
		403	
		NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ...	
		403	
		CROSSWORD NO. 1,372 ...	
		403	

France's Retreat from Empire

By DARSIE GILLIE

LIKE ourselves the French are retreating from empire, and perhaps, in a few centuries' time, our two nations' behaviour during this difficult operation will begin to merge in a single picture. But though we have met at a cross-road and renewed our alliance, we are necessarily following different paths, because we are facing different problems with different histories and different temperaments. It is important to a good understanding between us that we should keep in mind these differences.

The British have a curious way of cherishing their retreats—Corunna, Dunkirk, even I am told the obscure campaign commemorated by Maida Vale. Politically we are also proud of such retreats as our withdrawal from India and earlier from South Africa. The French admit that a retreat may be necessary, may be the occasion of heroic actions if it is military, or may be statesman-like if it is political. But, as such, retreats do not appeal to them. Some thirty years ago in an early work M. de Montherlant expressed the hope, if I remember right, that the new French appreciation of sport and athletics would not degenerate into the British frivolity of supposing that sportsmanship was any real compensation for defeat on a serious issue. To judge by a dinner plate in my possession—one of a series recording French naval heroism—this divergence of attitude is an old one. My plate shows a celebrated French sea captain, Surcouf, completely put out by the attitude of a young British naval officer who is surrendering his ship to him. Surcouf had evidently prepared a proper speech of sympathy for the occasion, while the defeated British naval officer seems to be saying rather bobbishly 'Well played, old man!' or words to that effect. On another plate in the series a Dutch naval officer in the same unfortunate situation is taking it much more solemnly and getting, I think, more sympathy.

We do not like to admit to ourselves that we constrain or are

constrained by force. The French hate to think they are being fooled by themselves or anyone else. The British attitude in this matter has been that of uninvaded islanders. At the worst, the enemy did not cross the narrow seas. Autonomy or independence granted to overseas territories did not diminish the sensible substance of the realm, only the distant field of radiation. From the French point of view military retreats have meant invasion, and the surrender of the rights of the Paris Government have been a diminution of France. Overseas territories have always been treated by the French on the analogy of the originally alien provinces gradually absorbed into the body of the nation: Brittany, Alsace, Flanders, Corsica. Whereas the English have never thought that even their nearest neighbours divided by no sea could become English quite like themselves, the French, with some justification from their immediate experience, were prepared to believe that all overseas subjects could, after proper delays, become Frenchmen. And, at any rate, they were convinced that to lose these extensions of France was to reduce France's extent. It has always irritated them that we seemed to believe that the more we lost the more we gained. A loss they thought—and think—is a loss, and there is not much point in pretending the contrary. At the present moment they consider the point well proved.

There is always some consolation in a common misfortune, and the French find it today in the fact that our method of retreating voluntarily from empire and theirs of putting it off as long as possible have landed the two of us in situations with obvious similarities: we have Cyprus and they have Algeria, and above all we have our common trouble with Egypt. The British outlook in this matter has been profoundly shaped by our distant experience of the American War of Independence, which left us with the conviction that a long fight you were bound to lose was a waste of blood and treasure, an unnecessary source of bitterness

and humiliation. Only close at home in Ireland, that is a part of the United Kingdom itself, did we fail to apply the lesson. Until the withdrawal from Indo-China the French had mainly lost colonies to a rival empire—generally ours. Haiti was the only case of a successfully rebellious colony, not a very important one. The French have treated all their overseas territories as in some degree parts of their 'United Kingdom', with varying degrees of success, but certainly with enhancement of pain when the parting has to come. In treating them thus, they have taken it for granted, even more than we have, that emancipation for overseas territories meant a glad recognition that the way of liberty was the mother country's way; that way—the French way—was itself thought of as the universally applicable rational and logical way.

The French Rationalist and the Awakening of Islam

This idea is not a right-wing conception. It is particularly that of left-wing Frenchmen. The French state schoolmaster is generally a convinced servant of the French conception of lay education, which teaches you to think, and leaves you to learn at your own leisure to believe. He is as much a missionary for this cause as the Catholic priests and monks with whom he is so often in dispute. To the French rationalist the awakening of Islam has come as a particular shock. And this awakening, it must be remembered, is occurring in Algeria, a territory which was not merely potentially but already constitutionally a part of metropolitan France, though far from having really been absorbed. M. Christian Pineau, the French Foreign Minister, was expressing a natural French point of view when he told his constituents the other day that the Egyptian Government had been seeking to promote the secession of Algeria not only from France but from western civilisation.

The point is not merely ideological. It would have in Algeria painful immediate applications for the European minority of about a million if Algeria were in fact detached from France. It is true that the decision to make Algeria a legal part of metropolitan France was artificial, that it disregarded realities in a manner that was painful for the Moslem majority and most misleading to the Frenchman in France. But it did represent a greater degree of reality than would have been the case if we had turned one of our colonies into a group of shires as Algeria has been into a group of Departments. Algiers did become a predominantly French city and a million Frenchmen of all social levels (except the *agriculteur* labourer) did live in Africa almost as if they were in France.

The French had presupposed that they could sever the links of community between the Maghrebi Moslems and the rest of Islam so completely that the North African Moslem cultural life would develop almost entirely as a branch of France's and Europe's. Although a part of the Algerian intelligentsia is better acquainted with French than Arabic, for instance the Algerian nationalist leader, Ferhat Abbas, this has not happened. The French have in fact incorporated in their own national life an alien thing, which, it now seems, they cannot absorb. Islam in North Africa has not weakened, but grown stronger, and Islam—a fact that the French had overlooked—means universal Moslem brotherhood. The million Europeans of Algeria are at once a vital part of that country's economy and a community that cannot maintain its place without French metropolitan support; needing this support, they have nonetheless so far made themselves the indispensable medium for a French Government dealing with Algeria.

These Europeans of Algeria create as painful a problem as a Siamese twin that cannot be separated and cannot live in amity. It would be a major disaster to Algeria to lose their remarkable contribution to the urban life of the country, to its commerce, administration, scientific agriculture, and technical progress in general but they have lived for a century in mere juxtaposition with their Moslem fellow citizens. They have shown little understanding of them and not much wish to understand them. They have stood between them and a free political life. They are too few to live without metropolitan support, far too many to be

disregarded. They are French (though partly Spanish or Italian in blood) but in their overseas environment half way to becoming a separate national community. Yet they are not strong enough even to complete this destiny. And round them is growing ever more vigorously and violently a Moslem world, in which the elements of westernisation, except in a technical sense, seem to be waning.

This recession of the West is accentuated by the rebellion and answering repression. The gulf between the communities is growing wider, as many of the Moslem leaders undoubtedly wish it to do. It may be that if statesmanship could secure even a truce in the present struggle the old strong attraction of French civilisation, language, and thought would begin to reassert itself amongst the Moslems, but that is not the condition of things at this moment. A part of the French community which cannot separate itself from the French nation or from the Algerian Moslem community is therefore through the latter directly affected by the emotions and aspirations of the whole Islamic world that it dislikes and does not understand. In turn it communicates these shocks, in somewhat attenuated but even less understood form, to the whole of France. Thus President Nasser is an intimate irritant, an internal as well as external enemy. His importance to France through Algeria as a pan-Moslem and pan-Arab leader is, paradoxically, much greater than as the man who confiscated that great French creation the Suez Canal, in which 80,000 Frenchmen still have shares.

You may say that in that case surely the British solution must recommend itself to the French, whatever the cost. Rather than suffer this intimate pressure of Moslem life on French life it would be better to accept separation and the evacuation to France or elsewhere of as many of the million Europeans in Algeria, and of the 700,000 or so in Morocco and Tunisia, as decide to go. But that is to suppose such an impossibility as the evacuation of the Anatolian Greeks without the defeat of the Greek armies by Ataturk, or the creation of Israel without the crimes of Hitler to give impulsion to Jewish emigration from Europe. It is also to expect Frenchmen who bound with individual vitality, to abandon hope. It is to expect those who had risked their lives and their property, on the assumption that Algeria was French, to accept quietly the abandonment of that assumption by those who have trumpeted it. Such reversals are the hardest decisions to be made in a nation's life. They need strong governments and well-founded political institutions. France has not had a strong government since the war, and it is not easy at present to see how she could have one. Her political framework, weakened before the war and completely dislocated during it, provides no firm foundation.

Fear for Stability of the Republic

It is not difficult therefore to see why there is no French party that advocates a clean cut with Algeria. Reluctance to make the retreat is strengthened by a well-justified fear for the stability of the republic at home. The republic almost died at the hands of the republicans who appeased Hitler in the 'thirties in order to save it, and it is natural enough that those who salvaged the republic from that danger should fear that a policy of concession or compromise today would complete the disastrous work of their predecessors twenty years ago.

That is why the present weak French Government has to face so much less criticism than the British on its Egyptian policy, but also why if anything goes wrong with that policy the trouble would be very much greater. The repercussions would affect first of all the whole future of France in North Africa and then in turn the whole attitude of Frenchmen to their political regime at home. It would bring to a head all the misgivings and dissatisfactions of Frenchmen with the working of the constitution, with their political representatives, and with themselves as political animals. There might be some good results—no doubt there would be—but they would certainly be some grave dangers. A threat to parliamentary democracy in France would not be of consequence only to France.

—Third Programme

The United States in Election Year

By PETER RAWLINSON, M.P.

IN the United States, in an election year, everything stops—everything except political campaigning, business, building roads and skyscrapers, ball games, living, and sometimes worrying. 'Everything' in fact means nothing, except government decisions on policy. It is indeed the best season for a world crisis. So, while the United States Government has one eye over its shoulder watching Adlai Stevenson, and the world keeps both eyes on Cairo, the great highways and parkways, four channels running in each direction, are being driven across the countryside, and the great buildings are being driven up into the sky.

But this national energy, this appetite for work and for material achievement, seemed to me on my recent visit to be accompanied by a sense of general disquiet and bewilderment over America's standing in the world. The customary brash but good-humoured boasting about construction, or achievements, or power, was often followed by a serious question. 'Tell us', they would ask, 'what do you really think of us?' In 1956 Uncle Sam remains likeable, rich, vulgar and generous, certain of his position and possessions, but he is uncertain of himself

—uncertain how to use his wealth and power, resentful that he is not so loved as he was in days gone by. Why, many were wondering, does the world not think the Americans the greatest guys on earth? Had we not fought the nazis together? Have we not endured higher taxes to finance foreign gifts and aid? Have we not fought communism almost single-handed? Why, then, was there so much anti-Americanism? Some of those who wondered had been to Europe on a trip, wanting to be liked, bewildered by the shrugs of Italian shopkeepers, the raised eyebrows of French waiters, the grunts of English cabbies; often returning to the States riled and declaring that Uncle Sam was being a sucker in paying out good dollars in extra taxes to help people who would not even say 'Thanks!'

But the mantle of the nineteenth-century Englishman is fitting awkwardly on the shoulders of the twentieth-century American. Pain-

fully, it seemed to me, the average United States citizen is learning the disadvantages of power, and as a result he is beginning to suspect that something is wrong. Were the diplomats winning the Cold War? For in the States they are used to winning—winning battles against the plains, the floods, and the deserts of their raw continent. Everything is expressed in terms of battle, whether it be war against polio or war against dental decay. But if America was not winning the war of world ideas, why not? Was it the fault not of Eisenhower but of his advisers and Dulles? Only the result of the November election will answer that query, and at present no Democrat is very optimistic.

For gradually America is having to learn the lesson that there can be no 'once-and-for-all' victories in diplomacy, no unconditional surrenders which can bring the missions and embassies home, no victors and no vanquished in a true foreign policy. A foreign policy has to be lived with. With this growing understanding, mixed with the continued sense of bewilderment that America should be blamed when anything goes wrong, there is arising an acuter sense of the need for allies. The American is not a



President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles at the White House before Mr. Dulles left for the talks in London on the Suez Canal

political animal like the Englishman; despite the enormous ballyhoo of publicity, conventions, whistle-stop tours, television coverage and the like, only 61 per cent. voted at the last presidential election. Moreover in the past, geography—thousands of miles of land and water—sheltered him from the outside world. He knows he is not so sheltered now.

I think it was because of this growing consciousness that a casual lunch-neighbour in a bar down-town in New York, a senator in Chicago, a professor in Boston, a coloured driver in Providence, and a lawyer on the ship home, all said to me in various ways: 'Your country and ours must stick together. That is what matters most in the world'. That, I am sure, is the present and basic wish and desire of an ever-increasing number of Americans; and it will only be due to some of their press and some of the politicians in the States and here if that desire is thwarted.—*From a talk in 'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)*

Oil without the Suez Canal

By F. D. WALKER, B.B.C. special correspondent in Washington

IF the worst came to the worst and the Suez Canal were closed, could America supply western Europe, and in particular Britain, with enough oil to replace the oil from the Middle East? Secondly, what preparations are the Americans making against this suddenly becoming necessary? Incomplete replies to such questions as these have been made in some American newspapers, and replies even less complete by some American officials. But what seems to be generally agreed is this: western Europe imports oil from the Middle East through the Suez Canal at the rate of nearly 2,000,000 barrels a day, and the United States, with Canada and Venezuela, could quickly rearrange and increase their own production of oil so that two-thirds at least of those 2,000,000 barrels daily would be available for western Europe from this continent.

But how long it would take to provide for the steady shipping of this immense tonnage of oil nobody in the United States has so far dared to say. Still less has anybody said how western Europe would pay

for it in dollars. To meet so great an emergency as the closing of the Suez Canal the United States Government has set up a Middle East Emergency Committee to arrange for, and if need be carry out, the pooling of both the production and the transport of oil by thirteen American companies, and the thirteen are working in with Canadian companies. The committee has been set up by the Office of Defence Mobilisation, and it has been emphasised there that the core of the problem is not producing the extra oil but its shipment to Europe. The committee, with British observers at its meetings, is now going into the exact oil needs of Britain and the other countries of western Europe, and especially into the possibility of getting together enough oil tankers in a short enough time.

Some people have been wondering about the possible release of the American tankers in the so-called 'mothball' fleet, but no action has been taken to release those. In any event there are only eighteen of them, and they are of the old-fashioned, smaller type. For since the war

oil tankers have been appearing in ever-increasing sizes. The newer ones now about the seas are of anything from 30,000 to 80,000 tons; and what the Americans are interested in even more, I would say, than in meeting the consequences of an unexpected closing of the Suez Canal, is in the route round the Cape from the Middle East to Europe becoming an economic proposition in competition with the Canal. It is nearly 5,000 miles further from the Persian Gulf to London round the Cape than it is via Suez; but it was emphasised to me at the Office of Defence Mobilisation, that with modern super-tankers of 50,000 tons and upwards, ships too large to pass through the Canal anyway, the point will be reached sooner or later at which carrying oil round the Cape will be competitive. So much more oil will be carried in tankers

so much larger than any using the Canal—and in addition there will be no Canal dues to be paid—that the extra time and distance will be offset.

It is about developing such a competitive route for the oil so that western Europe's dependence on it can never again be at the mercy of one country, even of an individual, that the most intense thinking seems to be going on in Washington. For there is a sort of pre-determination in the United States against so dire a crisis as any actual closing of the Canal. President Eisenhower himself, more than once in the past week or so, has not stopped at saying, over the present situation, that the United States hopes for and expects a peaceful solution: he has said that the United States is committed to a peaceful solution.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

Aspects of Africa

The Position of Indians in South Africa

By S. COOPAN

I SPEAK as an Indian who was born in South Africa, and has lived all his life in a city. Some 95 per cent. of the Indians in the Union are South African-born, and about 70 per cent. of us live in areas classified as urban; so I am not in any way unusual.

For the many Indians who, like myself, are in the fourth generation South African, the links with India are tenuous. Of course, there is a sentimental attachment to India, somewhat like the sentiment of Englishmen in the Dominions. Living in a society dominated by western culture to a far greater extent than India itself, South African Indians have made selective adaptations to their environment, and the process of acculturation does not stop. We have grown so accustomed to living in a western milieu that we should feel unhappy out of it. We think and express ourselves best in English. We aspire to what is called a western standard of living. That is where some of our difficulties arise, for obviously we need better jobs, a higher level of income, education and technical training, to come anywhere near our aspirations.

'A Status of Permanent Inferiority'

You will understand that in common with the other non-European peoples of the Union, the Indians are fundamentally affected by racial segregation. To all of us segregation means discrimination against us in every aspect of life, and confines us to a status of permanent inferiority. There is no tradition or even pretence of providing separate facilities that are also equal. The country simply could not afford the cost. In the field of employment what used to be a matter of conventional discrimination is now a law, which enables the Minister of Labour to reserve certain classes of employment for certain racial groups. You may say that this is a caste system to which Indians ought to be accustomed. Yes, it is: except that in India it is being legislated out, and in Christian South Africa it is being carefully fostered and perpetuated.

The white man in South Africa, for all his power, is constantly aware that he is a member of a minority group. There are some, especially among the Afrikaners, who become frenzied if the colour bar is relaxed ever so little. But the Indian community forms a much smaller minority than the European; only about 410,000 in a total population of about 13,000,000; and we have no power at all. We have no vote in central, provincial, or municipal government, and no indirect representation either, as the Africans have. You may wonder, then, whether Indians show the same 'minority' attitudes and fears as the white group, and what in general our relationship is both to the whites and to the great African majority.

With regard to the whites, our fears are fundamental and may be obvious. It is claimed that there is a positive aspect to the *apartheid* policy, that of developing the so-called Bantu areas or Native Reserves into economically viable homelands for the African people. Whether one is impressed by this or not, it remains that this positive aspect does not apply to Indians. White men decide what is good or bad for Indians, and the white man does not even claim that he is going to 'develop' us. In fact, he wants to be rid of us, by 'repatriation' back to India, as though that were where we belonged. It may be noted,

however, that in her dispute with India, South Africa claims that Indians are South African nationals, and that the United Nations Assembly therefore has no jurisdiction over the treatment of Indians.

The so-called positive aspects of *apartheid* do not apply to us, but all the negative ones do. Few people, even among white South Africans, know that the Indian is condemned to live and die in the province in which he was born.

He cannot go and take up a job in a neighbouring province, and even to go for a holiday he needs a special travel permit. This was the case even before the *apartheid* legislation. Now, under the Group Areas Act, their life will be constricted even more, for not only must they reside in the locations or group areas set aside for Indians, but they must also trade there, taking in one another's washing, as it were. This segregation is now to be applied in provinces and cities which did not do this sort of thing before.

We do not believe that all white South Africans are behind the present system. A few have been putting up a valiant battle for justice and fair play. Much of the educational and hospital services which non-whites have today are due to their efforts. Canon Collins said in South Africa that many of those whom he had met would be happy to wake up and see the colour bar and its iniquities gone. But who dares to take the lead? The recently formed Liberal Party of South Africa is trying to mobilise these forces in the white fold into a politically conscious and active group. The party even accepts non-whites to its membership. The Liberal Party is, however, under fire from all other white parties, and the process of winning over the white electorate promises to be slow, too slow for those of us who have to bear the brunt of racial discrimination. Consequently the Liberal Party is regarded by many non-white political leaders as a diversionist group likely to delay the non-white liberatory struggle.

Intolerance against the Whites

The tragedy of the whole situation is that white discrimination has produced in reaction a similar kind of intolerance against the whites. A growing number of non-white educated individuals are not prepared to make any distinction between the sincere, progressive, liberal-minded white men and the rabid racialists. Such people no longer believe in the *bona fides* of the white man. The worst swear-word in the non-white political world is 'collaborator'. There is still a broad band of non-white leadership which has not allowed itself to become embittered and agitates for a dignified partnership with the white man. White men in South Africa do not appear to be prepared for this step. Therefore the different sections of the non-white people see no other way out but to get together and fight against their common disabilities. The Indian can hardly stay out of it.

Many white people believe damaging and untrue things about us. For example, that the Indians are overrunning the country, or will do so. The facts are that Asiatic immigration has been prohibited since 1911, and today even a wife married overseas cannot enter the country as of right. Recently a few wives who came to join their husbands were sent back to India.

There is a good deal of alarmist propaganda about the Indian birth-rate. In fact, there is no danger of the Indians ever exceeding the white South African population even in the year 2000. It has been estimated by a competent authority that at this date there will be 1,400,000 Asiatics against 4,500,000 whites, 3,000,000 Coloureds, and 21,000,000 Africans. It is not really the Indian birth-rate that is the cause of this alarm, but the increasing disparity in numbers between whites and non-whites as a whole. The dilemma of the whites, which, being the tiniest minority group himself, the Indian can appreciate, can be solved only by unprecedented immigration. This solution is still evading the whites, and in their frustration they attack the Indian.

There is another misconception: that most Indians are merchants hoarding up enormous wealth by frugal living. A book recently published by the University of Natal says:

To the casual onlooker the obvious wealth of some Indian traders with well-established premises and first-class fittings and stock is apt to give a wrong idea. The other side of the picture, however, shows many small back-street traders whose turnover is probably low . . . The 'locale' of many traders is in itself a serious limitation to any increase in turnover. The author of this report (a European) also calculated that in Natal out of about 15,000 Indians engaged in commerce in 1952 only about 4,500 were owners of businesses. In the Transvaal the proportion is higher, but the Indian is mainly a petty trader. Having pioneered in the rural areas he has rendered a valuable service to the white farmer and the African peasantry. But now there has emerged a new class of retail trader amongst the Afrikaners and the Africans, and so with this additional source of commercial rivalry we can expect increased anti-Indianism.

Though there is so much hostility towards them, Indians on the whole are not inclined to leave the country and return to India. Voluntary repatriation schemes, carrying a small monetary inducement, have hitherto failed. By dint of hard work, thrift, and patience they have improved upon their economic status since the days of indentured labour, in spite of heavy obstacles to their progress. In their attitude to repatriation they show the same inertia of any people who had settled in a country for well-nigh 100 years and have helped to develop it. They do not see why they should be deprived of the fruits of their labour and cast out of their homeland. Their main grievance is that they are not permitted to develop freely and to the full extent of their capacities. Newly arrived immigrants from Europe have a higher status and greater opportunities of advancement than Indians born in the country.

It is often said that Indians are better off here than they would be in India. The argument is meaningless, as fourth and fifth generation Indians know nothing about conditions in India, and the only standards they know are the western standards of South Africa. In fact the Cape Town Agreement of 1927 between India and South Africa specifically stated that Indians who desired to stay in South Africa should conform to western standards of living.

It is becoming customary to put all the blame for Indian disabilities upon the Afrikaner Nationalists. That is not correct. Four-fifths of the Indians live in the English province of Natal. It was this province which first introduced Indians into South Africa and prospered by their labour. I do not want to labour this point, but the following extract from the report of an all-English Natal Committee on Post-war Works and Reconstruction should give a clue to the prevailing English way of looking at us:

The Indian of the labouring, peasant, and employee class is serving a useful purpose, but the Indian of the more affluent classes is a menace to European civilisation in Natal . . .

With the steady improvement in their educational and economic status Indians naturally desired to live in better surroundings, and since these were the monopoly of the Europeans, Indians bought

properties in these areas. This led to raising the cry of 'Indian penetration' and culminated in the Group Areas Act. In the plans already recommended for the city of Durban, huge areas predominantly settled by Indians have been allocated for the occupation and ownership of Europeans and Coloureds. The Indians will be thrust out into the undeveloped areas on the perimeter of the city. The land offered here is in the ownership of Europeans mostly, and the present market price is far in excess of what the Indians had paid for their present holdings. This Act will hit not only the Indian mercantile element but also thousands of house-owners and small-holders, whose houses and holdings represent their entire life savings. There is little publicity given to this gigantic white penetration.

What of Indian relations to the African? You will have read about the disastrous riot of 1949 in Durban when Africans attacked Indians, setting fire to Indian shops and houses and causing many casualties. In the racial hierarchy of privileges the Indian is just above the African,

and in most things of life in the urban areas they are thrown very much together. Rising African nationalism and frustration makes its attacks upon the group next above it, encouraged very much by the anti-Indianism of the whites. But the Africans who took part actively in the riots were drawn from the elements which had the least stake in urban life. They were male migrant labourers compelled to live in celibacy in the labour compounds, or miserably housed shack-dwellers on the outskirts of the city, and many unemployed, desperate people. The educated Africans who lived with their families in well-planned African housing schemes had little to do with this rioting.

In his attitude to the African, the Indian makes a clear distinction between the backward, tribally oriented African and the urbanised western oriented and educated African. Unlike the European, the Indian does not fear the educational and economic and even political advancement of the African. If power is ultimately to be transferred to the African, they would certainly like this to be transferred to

people whose mode of living and thinking is of the twentieth century, and are capable of continuing government along modern democratic lines; and one does not see the possibility of Africans coming up to this level unless they are inducted into the practice of government now. In short, the Indian minority believes that its own security can be guaranteed only by the cultural and economic advancement of the African.

I have tried to give some frank impressions about the relations of my own people to Europeans and to Africans. Now I must say something about what one could call our domestic affairs—Indian politics. The two major political groupings are the South African Indian Organisation and the South African Indian Congress. The first is a conservative group, representative largely of mercantile and propertied interests. It continues to place faith in the policy of presenting memoranda, and seeking interviews with government ministers and officials, to secure a redress of Indian grievances. It tries to save as much as possible of Indian interests by putting forward to the Group Areas Board alternative race-zoning plans, and this policy compels it to bargain with the segregationists. As you may imagine, in these activities it is painfully aware of the political impotence of the Indian minority. It is also understandable that its policy is seen by some as 'collaboration'.

The other and rival body, the Indian Congress, is led by young university-trained professionals and men hardened in the trade union movement. This body has taken over and employed the passive resistance technique of the late Mahatma Gandhi, the mass rally and demonstration techniques of the leftists. It undertakes the political education of its cadres. It does not feel politically impotent, for its analysis of the racial situation here leads it to join forces with the African political movement, and in the general anti-colonial movement led by the Afro-Asian group of nations. It is conscious of the political

(continued on page 387)



An Indian farmer in South Africa

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the meeting in Cairo

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

The Future of Cricket

NOW that the disastrous season of first-class cricket has ended—the weather even spoiling the five-day Test matches—discussion has arisen on the future of the game. Can first-class cricket in its present form survive? Mr. H. S. Altham in a recent broadcast, which is published on the page opposite, observes that the ‘powers that be’ (that is to say the somewhat restricted group that governs the game) are constantly thinking about these problems. A P.E.P. report*, just published, has drawn attention to some of the facts and produces the solution of week-end cricket only. But it is the weather of the present year, smiting the game hip and thigh, that gives urgency to the matter. Take the paradoxical situation in regard to Test matches: these matches detract from the interest in county games, deprive some counties of their best and most attractive players, and induce people to stay away from their home ground to watch or listen to the Test match being broadcast. On the other hand, without the share out from the ‘kitty’ provided by the Test matches many counties would be bankrupted.

Is it not the fact that the county cricket championship as at present organised belongs to another age? It was designed for a more leisurely, less commercialised, and, perhaps, one may say, more class-conscious world. Amateur cricketers, who can afford to play regularly throughout the week, are almost ceasing to exist. In spite of the shorter hours that many people work, attendance on the third days of county matches is negligible, and even on Saturdays fewer spectators paid at the gate in the lovely summer of 1955 than they did in 1949. Television has probably been among the causes which keep spectators away; on the other hand, as the P.E.P. pamphlet points out, ‘it must be remembered that broadcast fees bring a useful income to first-class cricket’. County finances rely on profits of Test matches, football pools, and whist drives. The argument therefore is that the game must now be made either more commercial or more amateur.

Cricket as a game will unquestionably continue to be played as far as the mind can see. It is ever popular in this country and in many parts of the world—on sands, on village greens, at schools and sports clubs. But the big game, one is driven to conclude—and Mr. Altham seems to admit this—will have to be managed differently. The solution of week-end cricket does not, on the face of it, seem very practical. But the State system in Australia, on the one side, and northern English league cricket, on the other, appear to offer suggestions of methods for keeping high-class cricket going without six-day-a-week playing, based on precarious finances and a vanishing leisured class. Faced, as our country is, by grave international and national problems, it may seem strange to concern ourselves over cricket: it will suggest to outsiders an ostrich-like approach to life. But these minor matters contribute in normal times to the happiness of ordinary people and deserve serious discussion.

* The Cricket Industry. ‘Planning’, Vol. XXII, No. 401. 2s. 6d.

WORLD ATTENTION has been focused during the past week on the deliberations between the Menzies Committee and President Nasser at Cairo. Most of the Egyptian broadcasts during this period have consistently emphasised the unity of Arab opinion and purpose, and the readiness and enthusiasm of Arab support for President Nasser. A ‘Voice of the Arabs’ commentator had this to say:

Our sister Sudan has sent her Foreign Minister to Cairo to stand beside the Egyptian Government during the meetings of the five-nation committee. The Arab States have not hesitated to denounce the imperialist conspiracies by their support of Egypt and their condemnation of the Anglo-French military preparations. Indeed, the major portion of the world supports Egypt, and the imperialist powers would have done better to desist from their manoeuvres and demonstrations of force so as not to surround the Menzies Committee with an atmosphere of threats.

Commenting on the actual field of discussion between the two parties, a speaker on the Cairo home service suggested that if Egypt went so far as to discuss the Dulles Plan with the Five-Power Committee, ‘each principle of the plan should be demolished’. He added:

The U.S. President anticipates that Egypt would reject the Dulles Plan. He had announced that his Government would, in that event, try to put forward other proposals for solving the problem. Eisenhower’s statement was noted for his faith in the possibility of reaching a peaceful solution, which the U.S. Government is determined to seek by all means. It is reported that Britain and France have asked America to join them in sending a military force to Cyprus, if only a token force. America has refused.

Meanwhile Egyptian newspapers continue to criticise the troop movements of the Western Powers. *Al-Akhbar*, for instance, is quoted as saying:

We are now witnessing criminal preparations. The criminal is plotting, checking his weapons and making his plans in broad daylight. Newspapers publish dispatches on his movements, but he fears no law. He scoffs at all ethics and tramples underfoot the United Nations principles.

Soviet broadcasts also insist that any solution by force would be contrary to the United Nations Charter. One Moscow home service speaker said that the ‘possible use of force by Britain and France to foist on Egypt a colonial order in respect of the Suez Canal’ had been ‘irrevocably condemned by contemporary international law’.

The so-called economic sanctions (used by Britain and France) were a gross violation of the norms of international law and an expression of a policy of pressure, threat and blackmail. The use of armed force against Egypt would be an indisputable act of aggression.

Another argument against the use of force much employed by Soviet commentators has been the probability, as one speaker put it, that if the threat to use force against Egypt were carried out, it could lead to a big conflict which would engulf the Near and Middle East and perhaps even spread further.

Denouncing ‘western intimidation against Egypt’, a commentator on the Peking home service elaborated this point:

There are now signs that if Britain and France rashly start war it will cause sharp disintegration in Nato, the Baghdad Pact and Seato, as well as within the British Commonwealth. Britain and France will find it difficult even to obtain support from some of the western countries which favour the ‘Dulles Plan’.

A Commonwealth opinion on Suez was given by the Australian newspaper, *The Sydney Morning Herald*, which is quoted as saying:

Almost throughout the (Cairo) talks Moscow Radio, in its Arab language broadcasts, carried on what Mr. Dulles has called a very vicious type of propaganda. Never in Stalin’s most acquisitive period was the Kremlin more dangerously active than now in mobilising colonial peoples against the West. If Nasser emerges from the present crisis with increased prestige, the gain will not be his alone. Russia, too, will have won a great and ominous victory.

The *New York Herald Tribune* expressed a more optimistic American view:

News that a good atmosphere has prevailed at the meeting, that detailed discussions are being held ‘without heat or anger’, that none of the points of difference ‘has seemed insurmountable’ lends encouragement to the hope that the settlement which is so desperately needed can yet be evolved.

Did You Hear That?

WEEKEND CRICKET?

'THE CRICKET SEASON is virtually over, and I am afraid at the end of it many county treasurers will be looking rather gloomily at their budgets and wondering how they are going to make both ends meet', said H. S. ALTHAM in 'At Home and Abroad'. 'For the fact is that with very few counties does the revenue from their membership and gate money balance the ever-increasing expenditure on the payment of their staff, the cost of travel and board for away matches, and the maintenance of their grounds. Their share in the Board of Control Test match profits, now reinforced by substantial television fees, is a vital asset, but, even with that, many have to draw on sources really outside cricket itself, such as supporters' clubs, whist drives, and dances. No wonder, then, that the future of first-class cricket is widely believed to be in the melting-pot and that there are many who hold that only a drastic re-organisation can in the end save it.

'A study of this problem under the title *The Cricket Industry* has just been published by Political and Economic Planning. The author has obviously taken real trouble to collect his data from responsible sources and his conclusions will certainly command attention. Briefly summarised, they are as follows. If county cricket is to survive commercially, it can only be by reducing its programme to weekend matches. This would lift the burden of maintaining a whole-time professional playing staff and would attract attendance of enthusiasts, hungry for, rather than sated with, first-class cricket. Superficially this may appear a promising if revolutionary solution, especially the prospect which it opens up of bringing more amateurs back into the game, and with them perhaps more enterprise and colour. Again, there is general agreement that our leading cricketers play far too much: only a superman can go on playing cricket at home and abroad for nine or ten months in the year without tending at times to lose something of his zest for the game and accepting a stereotyped and economic approach to it.

'But there are, I am afraid, considerable difficulties to be faced in any such solution. Leaving aside the religious aspect of Sunday play—and many may feel that to accept it in cricket is to open the door wide in other fields of sport—it would at the moment be illegal to charge gate money on that day. Again, it would drastically reduce the number of county fixtures and with it certainly the attraction of membership, the



General view of Jerez, the centre of the sherry-growing district of Spain

more so for many counties with scattered populations, if for reasons of economy the matches were concentrated on a single home ground. It would also mean that a county like my own—Hampshire—might find itself with a home fixture only every other year against the teams and personalities most in the public eye, and therefore attracting the biggest gates.

'Finally, I am not clear what the report really means by weekend cricket. If it means just Saturday and Sunday—and a Sunday presumably not starting until after an early lunch—a two-innings match is really out of the question: it was tried with long hours in the season after the war and universally condemned. If we visualise one-innings matches, then the weather margin is formidably reduced: a wet Saturday might mean little appeal to a Sunday gate. If, on the other hand, weekend cricket is meant to include Mondays, then there might be real difficulty for the players to get leave from their normal jobs. There are other aspects of the general problem such as the relationship of Test match and county cricket, the influence of television on gates, and the whole question of amateur status and broken time. I can do no more than mention these three and say that, far from burying their heads in the sand, the powers that be are constantly thinking of them, and with an open mind'.

A BODEGA IN JEREZ

'Jerez is the centre of the area where sherry is made', said BASIL PAYNE in a talk in the Home Service, 'and for a long time there have been famous English and Spanish houses there. It is not at all uncommon to see prams and nursemaids in the streets of Jerez which might have come straight out of a London park. What with the influence of great families and a successful local industry, Jerez is a well-ordered and delightful town.

'Soon after I arrived I set out to visit several bodegas. Bodega is the name given to the establishment where the sherry is made after the grapes have been pressed out in the vineyards. They are usually surrounded by a high, whitewashed wall. Inside the wall the most prominent things are the large, gable-roofed buildings which house the casks of sherry. The buildings are high and spacious, with sawdust on the floors and only a few windows. This ensures coolness



Vats in one of the large bodegas: September is the month for gathering and pressing the white grapes used for making sherry

and a steady humidity the whole year round. Inside these buildings are tiers of casks one on top of another, three or four high, and ranged in long avenues.

'This is the place where the sherry is actually blended and fortified. After being brought from the vineyards the wine is allowed to ferment and is then kept for about four years before the blending process. This process is unique and is called the solera system. It has also been described as the "University of the Soleras", because the wines as they blend with one another are also, as it were, educated. Wine that is four years old is put into the casks on the top row of a tier, after a certain amount has been drawn off them to make room for it. These barrels are by no means filled with new wine—only about a third is drawn off so that there is already a first blend of the old with the new. The wine that has been drawn off is put into a cask in the row below, which is one year older. Space is made for it by drawing some off this cask and moving it on to the one below again—and so on. As only about one third of the wine is replaced in each barrel it takes three years for the wine of any one vintage to move on from one row to the next and twelve years to reach the final cask. In this way a constant blend is made up, and sherry is a wine which always has the same characteristics from year to year. There is no vintage sherry.

'The bodegas produce different types of wine: manzanilla and fino which are light, dry wines and more drinkable in a hot country like Spain, and oloroso which is a heavier and sweeter wine with more body and is a better drink in a cooler climate. You might think that these differences depended on the blending, but really it is the sort of grape and the nature of the soil which makes the difference. The blending is a more subtle process—a refinement, almost, to make for consistency and quality. Once these blends have been fixed, the process goes on year after year.

'The most striking thing in a bodega is the quietness and peacefulness. The reason is that the blending and producing of sherry really depends on skill and care in selecting and combining different wines. Once this has been done it is time alone which will produce the final wine. There are only two places in the bodega where there is any constant activity. One is the bottling plant and the other is the cooperage. Each bodega makes and repairs its own barrels in the cooperage. The work is done with the best American oak and is a highly skilled job.

'We were invited to taste the wines of the bodega. The guide uses an instrument called a *venencia* to obtain the wine from the cask. It is a sort of ladle, a silver container about the shape and size of a cartridge-case attached to the end of a whalebone handle about three feet long. This is dipped into the cask and drawn out with the container full of sherry. The man then quickly flicks it up with the forefinger and thumb of his right hand and the sherry falls in a stream into a glass held in his other hand. I was allowed to have a go at it. I brought the *venencia* out of the cask, full of sherry, while I held a glass in my left hand. All I had to do was to flick up this container which, as I held it, was somewhere on the level of my knee. I gave the handle a sharp upward flick and the next thing I knew was a stream of sherry shooting up my sleeve. After that I gave in to the skill of the man who filled glass after glass, without any effort and without spilling a drop'.

FOWL LANGUAGE

'As everybody knows, the domestic fowl makes a number of different noises—for instance, the crow of the cock, the cluck of a hen with chicks, or the rhythmic hiccupping cackle of a startled or worried bird of either sex', said G. P. WELLS in a talk in the European Service. 'I think we are perfectly in order if we call these noises a language. These noises have definite meanings, in the sense that each of them expresses

a particular emotional state, and their meanings are understood by other fowls. The cackle, and the mild alarm which it denotes, may spread from bird to bird in a flock; the crow is taken as a challenge and answered by other cocks, and so on.

'The first dictionary of the language of the domestic fowl was published by Schelderup-Ebbe, just over thirty years ago. He distinguished thirteen different phrases used by adult birds, of which three are used by cocks only, two by hens only, and the remaining eight by birds of either sex: and he described what they all mean. We know that the vocabulary of the fowl differs fundamentally from our own in this, that the whole of it is inborn, or instinctive. Not one of the phrases is learnt, or acquired by imitation of other birds. This was proved by Schelderup-Ebbe. He showed that fowls hatched in incubators, and reared out of earshot of other birds, develop the whole vocabulary as they grow up. They use it in a perfectly normal way, and they respond normally to whatever their fellows may say.

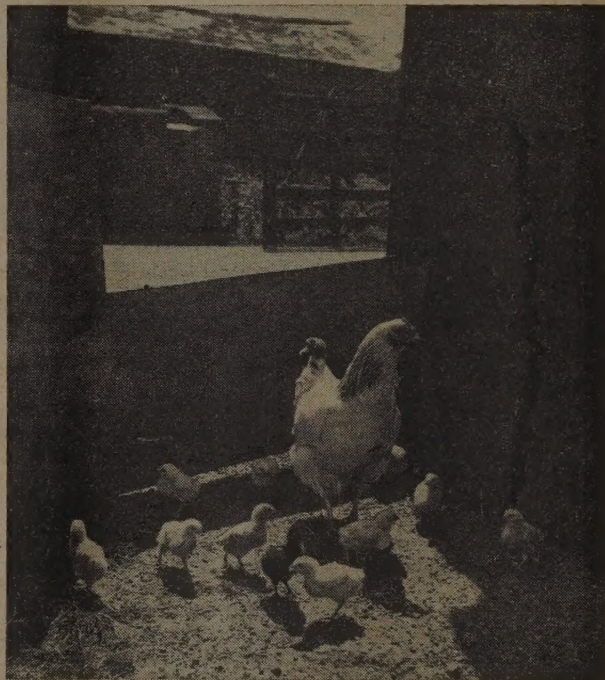
'The same thing is shown by studies of young chicks. The chick has several different notes—loud cheeps of distress, soft twitterings of contentment, and so on, and it strictly obeys the voice of its mother. She has at least two danger-notes, a mild one which makes her chicks freeze and a scream which sends them dashing for the nearest cover. Or she can soothe them with her cluck, or make them run towards her with her food-call. All of the notes and reactions of the chick are inborn and automatic. They are shown perfectly by incubator-reared chicks. They may even appear before hatching. Take an egg with the little crack on it that shows the chick is ready to emerge: let it cool, and you hear cries of protest from within; warm it again, and they are replaced by delighted twitterings.

'In our own species, our language is laboriously learnt. The association between sounds and meanings is arbitrary; different nations may use the same sound in quite different senses, and an untaught child, growing up in isolation from other people, would be unable to speak at all. But in fowls the whole vocabulary develops as surely, and is as much

part of the inherent organisation of the birds, as is the pattern of their plumage.

'This does not mean that fowls are incapable of learning. Far from it. A hen knows all the others with which she runs, and knows them as distinct individuals. She knows very well which she can push around and which she must treat with respect. A new bird, introduced into a group, finds her level very quickly. In the laboratory, chicks have been taught to escape from quite complicated mazes by taking the quickest way. And it is well known that fowls have an excellent memory for places, and can recognise an old home after several years. But their language owes nothing to learning. It has more in common with our inarticulate signs of feeling, our smiles and yawns and sighs, than with our spoken words. Emotions are contagious. If you see somebody yawning you want to yawn, too; if somebody laughs, you smile, and so on. In much the same way, if you put a chicken by itself and feed it until it is full and refuses to take any more, then show it other birds eating, it often perks up and begins to peck again. And in much the same way, it will respond to another bird's voice. And as for the way in which fowls answer each other's voices, here again we seem to have a special development of something wide and deep in animal organisation.

'Perhaps I was wrong to say that the voice of a fowl "expresses" its emotions, for in a very real sense, the notes are an integral part of the emotion. Just as in ourselves, fear, or amusement, or boredom, or anger is associated with certain well-known bodily signs, so the different emotions of a fowl are associated with different qualities of note, and different rhythms of calling'.



A Society without a Metaphysics

By ALASDAIR MACINTYRE

WHEN Bukharin, the Soviet leader, was about to be executed in the Stalinist purges of the nineteen-thirties, he made a speech in which he said that no longer in Russia was it possible anywhere to find a 'Dostoevskian existence'. It is not difficult to see what he meant. Dostoevsky's characters, tortured as they are by guilt and doubt and love, are suspended between the absolutes of God and revolution. The crimes and punishments of those who live in the squalor of Dostoevsky's tenements and drink his champagne are imaged against the backcloth not just of Russia but of the universe. But his Russia and his universe are intimately connected. The cosmic forces that contend for the world are embodied in the Orthodoxy of Holy Russia and in the rising tide of revolution. And since there are contending forces and rival answers, everything is in question and crucial decisions weigh upon every individual. The destruction of that universe sprang from the destruction of that Russia. What destroyed Dostoevskian Russia was the success of a revolution with a clear metaphysical perspective. For the Marxist, everything in the universe falls tidily into place, the evolution of nature and the revolutions of mankind. The individual who finds himself in the Marxist State has a clearly defined role to play out in the development of society. There are no more metaphysical doubts to be pondered or decisions to be made, because instead there is metaphysical certainty.

Fundamental Lack of Beliefs

The paradoxical point is that our own society which has rejected marxism has also made impossible a Dostoevskian existence. But whereas the Russians have exchanged one metaphysics for another, we have become a society without a metaphysics. By this I mean more than that most people in this country lack any clear set of beliefs and do not, for example, go to church. This lack of beliefs is often treated as an accidental, contingent fact, as though any day we might acquire a new set of beliefs from somewhere or other, as though our not believing had no essential connection with our social situation. What I want to argue is that this lack of beliefs is fundamental to our situation, characteristic of our mode of life, and that until this is appreciated most argument about metaphysical beliefs—about religion, for instance—must proceed in an unreal way. This emerges clearly in the kind of argument that Christian theologians are apt to use in the discussion of moral questions. Christian theology is crucially important here, because for better or for worse it has provided our scheme of metaphysical belief for 1,500 years. But when theologians are considering the problems of divorce, for example, their argument nowadays has to be two-pronged. Divorce, they will suggest, is objectionable both because it increases human unhappiness and because it violates the divinely ordained harmony of marriage.

I am not in the least concerned here with the rights and wrongs of divorce. What I want to bring out is how fatal the use of this type of argument must be to theology; fatal because one prong of the argument transforms the theologian into a social scientist and the other preserves his theology at the cost of making it humanly irrelevant for most people. To argue that divorce increases human unhappiness is to suggest a task of immensely difficult measurement. How does one measure the unhappiness of children in families that are destroyed by incompatible parents separating, against the unhappiness of children in families that are destroyed by incompatible parents remaining together? But this task of measurement, however difficult, is essentially one for the social scientist and for the psychologist. If the theologian enters this field, he has to leave his theology behind him. Suppose, however, that he turns to the other prong of his argument and says that divorce and remarriage are contrary to the will of God. The prohibition of divorce must now appear to those who do not share the theologian's premises as something irrelevant to them, because completely separated from all empirical consideration of human interests and happiness. If, to remedy this, the theologian declares that God prohibits divorce precisely because in the long run divorce is a practice

that tends towards human unhappiness, then the theologian admits that he is really relying upon the criterion of human happiness in invoking the criterion of the will of God.

Independent Morality

To put the same point more generally: we possess in our society an effective morality to which in practice appeal is always made by the contending parties on great moral issues. So far as moral judgement on social institutions is concerned, our criterion is that which we learnt from the Utilitarians. We judge an institution by whether it will or will not in the long run promote human happiness. And theologians, like everyone else who wishes to take part in the moral argument of our society, do appeal to this criterion. In so doing they accept a morality which is independent of theological sanctions. The history of this morality of ours has yet to be written in full: but although Christianity may have presided at its birth, it was nourished from the start by the realisation that a morality independent of Christian theology was not only possible but necessary. And this realisation is more fatal to theology than any amount of theoretical scepticism about theological propositions. The scope of theology has been progressively limited in the recent past. The age of the earth, the origin of man, the truth about large tracts of Near Eastern history—these are all topics on which theologians have given up their claim to speak with authority, and in so doing have only helped to clarify the proper task of theology. But, if morality becomes independent, theology must seem to those who are not believers to have lost all its human substance. And the kind of considerations on which theologians are forced to rely in public argument on moral questions suggest inexorably that just this has happened.

Not that 'the pursuit of happiness' is a necessarily non-metaphysical goal. Both in the writings of the Utilitarian philosophers and in the Declaration of Independence, 'happiness' is conceived of as a general goal for the human race, and, in the setting of marxism, progress towards happiness provides just the kind of general framework for human activity that religion once provided. But in the West we have become increasingly pragmatic in our social morality. We concern ourselves with *ad hoc* projects to deal with specific ills, we abjure all general nostrums, we do what is to hand and we have no general doctrine as a metaphysical key to open all doors. Our politics are always reformist, never revolutionary. We are apt to praise ourselves in our society for the modesty and the realism of our aims. But there is another perspective from which the landscape looks very different. For the loss of a general framework of belief engenders a loss of any over-all sense of significance. A striking manifestation of this is the inability of ordinary people to cope with the great moments of their own lives. It is notorious that many to whom the traditional Christian vocabulary is largely meaningless still besiege the church for baptism, for marriage, and for burial. This suggests an inarticulate need for a way of looking at life that will make it dramatic, that will surround birth and death with symbols of imaginative power. We may have acquired an adequate morality, but we have lost an adequate imagination.

Religion and Society

To look back to primitive societies is to see clearly both what we have lost and what we have gained. In primitive societies it is often unrealistic to attempt to separate out the religious beliefs of a society from the whole nexus of social practice of which the beliefs are the expression. So metaphysically conceived is the society that the importance of this or that particular individual may be nothing compared with his social function. Individuals come and go, but the society lives on. And it is with the emergence of the individual as responsible and significant that the first step towards morality is taken as well as the first step away from a sense of total significance. At a more sophisticated level of social development the conflict between a morality of freedom and metaphysical belief takes on different forms. What all these forms have in common is the theme that any over-all scheme

of things necessarily presents individuals and societies with a pre-arranged order in terms of which human life is to be lived out. But if the pursuit of freedom and happiness by empirical means becomes the goal of a liberal society the bonds of every preordained social scheme will be burst. Yet the very accomplishment of such freedom and happiness as utilitarian liberalism may give us leads to a point where the victory of a liberal morality can leave us asking 'So what?' This is the point that our society has reached. The curious flavour that a combination of liberal morality and metaphysical meaninglessness give to social life is the characteristic flavour of our time.

At this point in the argument critics will be springing fully armed from all the dragon's teeth that I have sown. I can perhaps attempt best to meet their objections by making it clear just what I am trying to do. I am not making any value judgements here at all, not saying either that the victories of secular liberalism and the defeats of metaphysics are to be welcomed or that they are to be deplored. I am merely trying to report and describe what is perhaps only the taste that our own time leaves in my mouth. But not just in my mouth: for the combination of liberalism in morals and politics with nihilism in metaphysics is certainly not something that I have invented. Indeed I can imagine other critics who would say that this combination is the essential belief of our time. Sartre's picture of the individual as burdened with responsibility in a universe which is absurd and void of significance is a picture which has room for that individual to align himself with social democracy. There is as much metaphysical anguish in Sartre as in Dostoevsky. And Sartre is not an isolated example. Simone de Beauvoir, Camus, even non-existentialist writers such as Malraux, all combine to show that in French literature at least there has been a considerable market for the kind of agonising about the universe that is linked to a liberal political morality.

Meaninglessness without a Capital M

But what has been striking about the post-war existentialist movement has been its temporary character. Sartre has passed over more and more from being the metaphysician of the absurd to being a liberal-minded pro-communist writer. The attitude that the existentialists struck could not be maintained and the Meaninglessness that they saw in the universe has tended to lose its capital M and to become the workaday, humdrum thing that afflicts those who cannot even spell 'existentialism'. The existentialist movement's inability to maintain its metaphysical style has proved existentialism to be merely a symptom of a disease of which it once claimed to be the diagnosis, and among more hopeful spirits the cure.

So much for one line of criticism. Another would maintain that I am emphasising matters social at the cost of matters intellectual. We have lost our metaphysics because it was intellectually destroyed by the philosophers. From Hume and Kant to the Vienna Circle, metaphysical systems have been the casualties of philosophical discussion. Philosophical empiricism has taught us that it is logically illegitimate to attempt to speak about the universe as a whole, to construct any over-all scheme of things. If metaphysics is to recover it must find better arguments, refurbish St. Thomas perhaps or some other of the fallen Titans. I think this view wrong-headed for a number of reasons. One is that to anyone working within contemporary philosophy it must be clear that the old metaphysical Absolutes are dead beyond recovery. Contemporary linguistic analysis has produced standards of rigour in argument which no longer permit us to conceive of philosophy as a battle of viewpoints, in which the struggle might one day turn again in metaphysics' favour. Philosophy is a method, an activity of clarification, and the light that it sheds is sufficiently bright to make us feel metaphysical arguments like a bad headache. But what is fundamental here is not so much the intellectual as the imaginative deadness of the metaphysics of the past. Positivism has had the popularity that it has enjoyed not simply because of the quality of its arguments, but because of the feeling that those who resisted them had nothing worth defending to maintain.

What a religious view of the universe gave us in the past was something genuinely imaginative: a dramatic framework, a feeling that one was a character in a story that was going to have Aristotelian climaxes of recognition and reconciliation. Metaphor and symbol were not in this world the decoration of a drabness too depressing to be viewed in naked reality, but the revelation of inner half-hidden, half-comprehended meanings, from which life could be drawn. The loss of a religious view leaves us with an imaginative as well as, or perhaps rather than, an intellectual dilemma. As one would expect, it is expressed more vividly

in the writings of artists than in those of philosophers, and nowhere with more passion than by D. H. Lawrence. What is wonderful in Lawrence the writer is the way in which he could make imaginative gold out of intellectual rubbish. If one goes to Lawrence's positive philosophy, one finds an amorphous mass of irrationalist nonsense mixed up with some real psychological insight. But, in the best of the novels, it is all pure insight into the kind of character that is full of possibility and immediate aims, but has no landmarks.

'Certainly he's got go', said Gudrun. 'In fact I've never seen a man who showed signs of so much. The unfortunate thing is, what does his go go to, what becomes of it?'

'Oh I know', said Ursula, 'It goes in applying the latest appliances'

Lawrence's failures and successes illuminate our condition equally. He saw that the nonconformity of his youth had lost its life, in middle age he plunged desperately about the world from bogus political mystiques in Australia to equally bogus religious ones in Mexico. But his immense honesty refused to allow him to rest in any of them. He showed him how he was failing to find a framework within which his own energy could be given direction and point. So he remained a negative critic of our society, even though one of great power. Can anyone hope to be anything more? Can we do anything but sit and wait? If that is all we can do, our prescribed reading ought to be the passage in the Gospels which tells of the man from whom the unclean spirit departed, only to return later to the house from which he came to find it swept and garnished.

'Then goeth he, and taketh to him seven other spirits more evil than himself; and they enter in and dwell there: and the last state of that man cometh worse than the first'.

To have got rid of our metaphysical beliefs is to have swept the house and garnished it with science and morality; that there are evil spirits that may come and dwell in the house we learned in the face of Nazi Germany. Those for whom life is emotionally empty may have at first content with limited perspectives; but later they may become cynical and disillusioned; and later still they may be the prey of a passing evangelist of unreason who will promise a coherent view of the world and a coherent programme for changing it.

Nothing that I have said is intended as a contribution to the current debates about ultimate belief. Christians and humanists, liberals and marxists have argued and will go on arguing. But I have an obscure feeling about their debates, that somehow no one is listening to them any more except the participants themselves, and that somehow something important is being left out. In a world where metaphysics no longer cuts ice, the differences between rival metaphysicians seem to have become very small and their voices very high and shrill. In a world where a Dostoevskian existence is no longer possible they appear terribly—and I use the word in an exact sense—like characters from one of Dostoevsky's novels.—*Third Programme*

Of the Way

Father, show me the way, the day begins.
The day begins, my son, the way is sorrow.
And tomorrow, Father, will there be joy?
The way turns, my son, a corner you'll find.
Is there a sign, Father?
No, the corner is blind.
How shall I know, Father, the turn to take?
You must choose, my son, when the roads break.
What shall I take, Father, the journey's long?
Nothing, my son, except right and wrong.

A companion, Father, shall I have one?
None, my son, you'll be always alone.
Shall it be known, Father, that I would come?
When you are gone only, then some will know.
What shall I leave, Father?
Your seed will grow.
And my sons, Father, shall they walk this way?
They too, my son, when begins their day.
Can I tell them, Father, what the way intends?
Only can you tell them, my son, the day ends.

HARRY C. HAINES

Family Portraits—V.

Plain Living and High Thinking

By ANDREW WORDSWORTH

ABOUT 200 years ago there lived in Cocker-mouth in Cumberland a solicitor called John Wordsworth and his wife Elizabeth. These two very ordinary middle-class people had five children, of whom one was, that giant of imagination, the poet William; and three others were of more than ordinary stature. They were left as orphans, with a strong endowment of intelligence, and just enough money to pay for a good education. I am sure that the plain living and high thinking that were to be the mark of the family through the next 100 years owe a great deal to Hawkshead Grammar School where the boys were educated, and to that dear, good lady, Dame Tyson, with whom they lived. But most of all to the countryside in which they grew up, at the head of Esthwaite Water. William was writing for all of them when he described his boyish adventure out climbing for birds' nests:

Oh! when I have hung
Above the raven's nest, by knots of grass
And half-inch fissures of the slippery rock
But ill-sustained, and almost (so it seemed)
Suspended by the blast which blew amain,
Shouldering the naked crag, oh, at that time
While on the perilous edge I hung alone,
With what strange utterance did the loud, dry wind
Blow through my ear! The sky seem'd not a sky
Of earth—and with what motion moved the clouds!

'I am afraid', said my Aunt Elizabeth, 'that as a young man William was little better than a pantheist. But still', she added, 'he was a wonderful poet'. And I always, as a small boy, had the impression that though the poet was by far the greatest of the Wordsworths, my family admired its scholars and bishops more. For all Wordsworths tend to write a certain amount of not very good verse. In this they are imitating the poet without being in the least like him. I myself at the age of eight produced a slim volume of manuscript entitled *Poems by the Late Wordsworth*—because as I explained, 'I am later than my great-great-uncle, aren't I?'

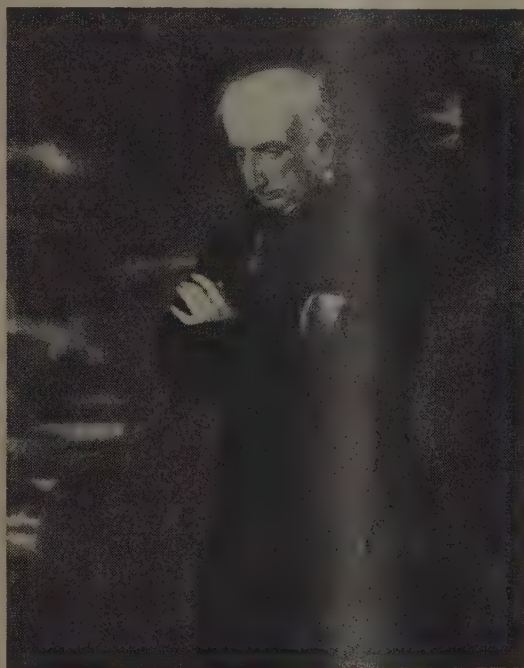
But the gift of poetry was given only to the poet, and in a small but excellent measure to his sister Dorothy and to his nephew Christopher, the hymn writer. In poetry, the poet was exceptional; in other ways, he was an extremely typical Wordsworth. No, I do not think the family spirit was started by him, and imitated by the others; I think it was one of those inexplicable waves of energy that do sometimes affect families. I believe they are transmitted about equally by heredity and by the pattern of feeling and conversation inside the family. In explaining what this consisted of, I cannot help seeming rather priggish. It was said of the

poet that, though with Byron it was *never* Sunday, with Wordsworth it was *always* Sunday. This religiousness, this sense of 'Something far more deeply interfused', the feeling that, 'Our noisy years seem

moments in the being Of the Eternal Silence', is the essential heritage of every member of the family. It does not mean that we are always good; it does mean that the background of our thinking is moral and religious.

Closely bound up with this background is our love of the countryside—which makes it difficult for a Wordsworth to live in a town larger than Lincoln or Salisbury. When I wanted to ask my fourth-cousin, the Shakespearean actor Richard, how he felt about being a Wordsworth, I found he was on holiday sailing, and I knew at once he was a Wordsworth like myself.

Then there is the Wordsworth egoism—not, I think and hope, the egoism of selfishness, but at its best the independence of mind that does great things in its own way—the source of



William Wordsworth (1770-1850): a portrait of 1842 by B. R. Haydon

National Portrait Gallery

originality and fearless action.

Of Genius, Power,
Creation and Divinity itself
I have been speaking, for my theme has been
What passed within me.

That is how it seemed to the poet. When less good, it leads to eccentricity; at its worst, to a lack of sympathy with other people's point of view, because of a belief that the Wordsworth consciousness is inevitably right.

Strong also have been certain physical traits that have endured to this day: more than average height, clumsy build, a Roman nose, great physical strength—William rode from Grasmere to Cambridge at the age of fifty in order to take a pony back to his daughter Dora. 'All your children', Cousin Agnes Edwards said to my mother, 'are coarse-limbed'. It is an exact description.

Poetry, egoism, a sense of moral values, a love of the country: what do they all amount to? Oddly enough to a paradox. On the one hand, a family marked by a certain austerity, simplicity, unworldliness: on the other, by the respect paid by it to worldly values. Often, and certainly in the case of the poet, there has been a willingness to cultivate influential people for personal advancement. As Bishop Charles put it in his diary:

In all societies it is advisable to associate with the highest . . . because if disgusted we can at any time descend, but if we begin with the lowest to ascend is impossible.

A maxim which he followed with considerable success. A priggish remark possibly, but then perhaps the worst



Dorothy Wordsworth (1771-1855), the poet's sister

'Picture Post' Library

feature of the Wordsworths is their priggishness; what might be—and sometimes is—called their hypocrisy.

But there was nothing hypocritical about Dorothy, the dear, dear sister, who lived with William throughout his adult life, who was so often his eyes, his ears, and his memory:

In thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart. . .

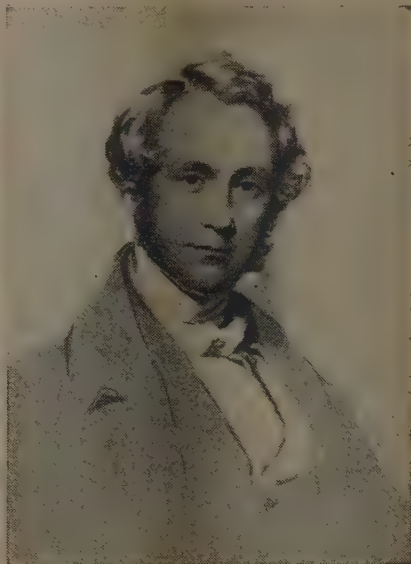
It was she who, in the stress of his separation from Annette Vallon, the girl he met and loved in Paris, and again after the death of his brother John, 'preserved me still a poet'. Dorothy, in strict observation of nature, was often a better poet than he was. Her description of the daffodils, on which his most famous poem is based, is surely a more powerful thing than the poem itself:

When we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow Park we saw a few daffodils close to the water-side. . . I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones; . . . some rested their heads upon these stones, as on a pillow, for weariness; and the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind, that blew upon them over the lake.

The youngest brother of the poet, my great-great-grandfather Christopher, was born in 1774. He was the first clergyman and scholar of the family, Doctor of Divinity, author of *Ecclesiastical Biography*. He it was who centred the family in the tradition of Anglican High Churchmanship. I do not mean by this anything specially connected with ritual or elaborate beauty of church services, but a belief in the continuity and sufficiency of the Church of England. From now on this was the corner-stone of our family tradition.

Christopher was a good enough scholar to merit the Mastership of Trinity, but in fact he obtained it through a prudent friendship with Archbishop Sutton. His Mastership hardly deserves to be called a success. He quarrelled with everyone. His insistence on compulsory chapel caused the young gentlemen of Trinity to form 'A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Undergraduates'. And the dons were no better pleased to find on the notice-board of their Combination Room 'A Record of the Attendance at Chapel of the Fellows of this College—with Notes'. For all that, Christopher left to Trinity College and to the world something of beauty and value. This was the building of the New Court. His purpose was Wordsworthian and moral, namely, that undergraduates should no longer be exposed to the many temptations of living in lodgings but should be enabled to live in the college itself.

Christopher had extraordinarily brilliant and attractive sons, each very much a Wordsworth. In 1826, when the three of them had swept up between them almost all the prizes for classics at Oxford and Cambridge, the Duke of Wellington told their father, 'My dear Wordsworth, you must be the happiest man alive'. Of these sons, Charles—who believed in associating only with the best society—was to become the outstanding scholar, athlete, and egoist of the family. At the age of eighty-five he wrote his autobiography in three volumes, having kept every letter that was ever written to him. It was a world—that long nineteenth century—of letters and congratulations, and he had a great deal to be congratulated on. He played for Harrow in the first official cricket match against Eton: 'My left-handed bowling was so successful that Eton were compelled to hire the first professional cricket coach', was how he commented on the game. Playing in the first match



Charles Wordsworth (1806-1892), 'the outstanding scholar, athlete, and egoist of the family'—afterwards Bishop of St. Andrews

From 'The Boat Race', by Gordon Ross (Hodder and Stoughton)

against Winchester, he bowled out his brother Christopher. The score card opens: 'Wordsworth bowled Wordsworth, 2'. He was the first man to bring a pair of skis back to England from Norway, whence his countrymen introduced them to Switzerland. But the work for which he will always be remembered—the founding of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race—he accomplished quite nonchalantly because he happened to live in Cambridge, and to be up at Oxford. He rowed Number 4 in that first race in 1827, which I am glad to say Oxford won easily. On the same occasion he also happened to originate Blues adapting the Christ Church rowing guernsey for the purpose.

No wonder Doctor Arnold wanted him for his second master at Rugby. But he preferred to go to Winchester, and there, in his own mind at least, became the reformer of Winchester. It is said that he was the first to have 'a house-master's mind'. He certainly did have favourites—'Holy Joes'—a phrase that was invented then and there to describe them. I believe the Headmaster, Dr. Moberley, was not altogether sorry when Mr. Gladstone insisted, with all the warmth of personal friendship, that Charles should become the first Warden of Trinity College, Glenside.

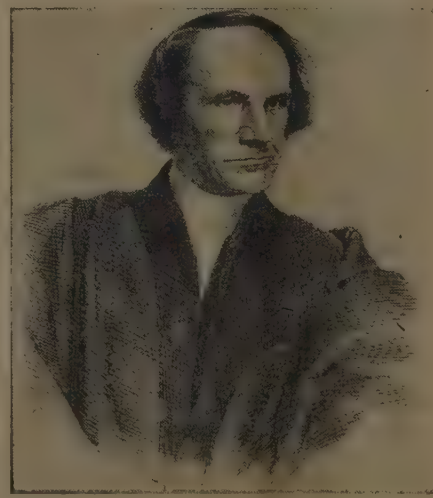
While at Glenside, he became a Presbyterian of the Diocese of St. Andrews. When the bishopric fell vacant, he felt convinced that it was his duty to vote for himself, and did so. By nine votes to eight he was elected amid such accusations as 'Want of judgement, want of tact'. But, undismayed, he remained for forty years Bishop of St. Andrews. A great builder of churches, revered for his austerity of life, and by some who knew him well, for his saintliness.

His brother Christopher, my grandfather, was the last of the Patriarchs, the most learned and practical theologian of his time, the Holy Bishop of Lincoln; writer of objective, unsentimental, sometimes inspired hymns. Probably the hymns he wrote are better known today than many of the poems written by his far more famous uncle. A Headmaster of Harrow, however, he was remarkably unsuccessful. Somehow he managed to reduce the number of boys to forty-seven—though, need I add, it was he who built the present magnificent school chapel. And he wrote the unbelievably dull official biography of the poet, in which, warmly supported by the rest of my family, he took immense pains to suppress the story of William's love for Annette, and of their daughter Caroline. He said of the city of Paris:

We must suppress all the thousand restaurants and cafés: the establishments are guilty of all the domestic infelicities of France.

Equally typical of him was what happened when, as a young Canon at Westminster, all the family silver was stolen. At once, he presented £200 to the poor of Westminster, and thereafter the family dined with steel spoons and forks.

What brings me closest to my grandfather is that he knew all the Odes of Horace by heart. What I admire most about him is his prodigiously learned defence of the Church of England against Papal claims—a defence my father was to champion in his turn. But what, I know, was most important was his inner life of constant prayer.



The Rt. Rev. Christopher Wordsworth (1807-1885), Bishop of Lincoln, 'most learned and practical theologian of his time', and writer of hymns

I never knew my father, John Wordsworth, Bishop of Salisbury. Born in 1846, he died in 1901 before I was a year old. Perhaps this makes it easier for me to think of him as a great man. He was the last Anglican bishop to have an international reputation for scholarship. This was due partly to his brilliant Latin of which he replied to the Papal Bull of 1896 on Anglican Orders. 'It is all wrong, of course', said Pope, 'but I do wish my Cardinals could write such beautiful Latin'. More i

portant was his preparation of a new edition (still not completed) of the Vulgate, the Latin version of the Bible. By most English people he will be remembered for his foundation of a school for the boys of Salisbury—the great school now called Bishop Wordsworth's. Those who remember him as a person (and in my experience that includes almost everyone who was alive in Wilts and Dorset between 1885 and 1911) do so with extraordinary veneration and love.)

He was a great shepherd of his sheep—walking, riding, driving, and later motoring, in all weathers, all over his diocese. I picture him on a day of deep snow in the winter of 1893. His coachman, Mr. Ernie, grumbling a little, has got the horse up through the Winterbourne Valley, to the top of Bulbarrow. On the northward side the roads are blocked with drifts. In his carriage, the Bishop changes into his white surplice and, pastoral staff in hand, plunges downwards through the snow so as not to be late for his confirmation service in the tiny parish church of Belchalwell, 700 feet below. On another occasion, the butler came to my mother to give notice. Asked why, he replied, 'Well, Ma'am, it's the food'. 'But', said my mother, 'you have exactly the same in the servants' hall as we do in the dining room'. 'That's the trouble, Ma'am. You see, you live so poor'.

He lies buried in Britford churchyard, by the quiet water of the Wiltshire Avon. His marble monument is perhaps the most beautiful thing the twentieth century has added to Salisbury Cathedral.

My Aunt Elizabeth, the first Principal of Lady Margaret Hall, on the other hand, I remember very well indeed. A small, clever, witty, happy, religious old lady, with 'a genius for austerity'. She didn't suffer fools gladly. When I was an undergraduate, I used to read to her, for she was nearly blind, most often from Virgil's *Aeneid*. If I made a mistake she would correct me rather crossly, for she knew all the twelve books by heart. When she was invited to become the first

Principal of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, she asked my father whether she should accept:

Well, Elizabeth, if I thought that by refusing we could stop the whole horrid thing, I should say refuse of course, but since it will come anyway I say go into it and try to make it as little harmful as you can.

That was the spirit of her principalship.

Dame Elizabeth summed up the best of the Wordsworths in her verses on the Good and the Clever:

If all the good people were clever,
And all clever people were good,
The world would be nicer than ever
We thought that it possibly could.

But somehow 'tis seldom or never
The two hit it off as they should;
The good are so harsh to the clever,
The clever so rude to the good.

So friends, let it be our endeavour
To make each by each understood,
For few can be good like the clever,
Or clever so well as the good.

And how does it feel for the present generation of Wordsworths to have all these good and clever people behind us? In three words, it has been Rather Too Much. None of us has become clergymen, none of us scholars. In other ways we remain Wordsworths. We have to live in the country, we can't make good in trade or commerce. We have to be farmers, soldiers, schoolmasters, lawyers, journalists—and, of course, there is our composer and our actor. So I am very glad that in the next generation, one is studying at Oxford to become a Doctor of Philosophy, and another is to be ordained a clergyman of the Church of England.—*Home Service*

Letters to Beginners—VII

Letter to a Young Composer

By EDMUND RUBBRA

DEAR Smith,
Just before sitting down to write this letter, I listened, after a gap of many years, to a performance of Scriabin's 'Poem of Ecstasy'. As I listened, I could not help remembering that this work was once hailed as 'uniquely personal'—that it was even regarded as esoteric, and certainly not easy to listen to. And remembering that, I was surprised to find how after the lapse of years the difficulties it had once presented had disappeared: Scriabin's 'uniquely personal' composition had now melted into the Impressionistic landscape of French music, with overtones of Wagnerian yearning thrown in. And at that point another odd and amusing thought crept in: Debussy and his friends contended that in writing Impressionistic music they were revolting against Wagner.

It is often said that the contemporary musical scene is unique, that never before has there been such a diversity of style, such opposed schools of thought, or in many cases such a total disregard of the normal listening public. I do not deny that there is a basis for all this; but I want to suggest to you that the diversity is very much exaggerated. And, with the Scriabin in mind, I suggest that where previously we saw differences, the perspective that time always gives will gradually show traits in common; and the logical conclusion of this line of thought is that there is no point in inventing a new language, or even in accepting an invented one (which comes to much the same thing) if the round of thoughts the language expresses is drearily the same. In other words, it is not musical style that matters, but the thought behind the style: it is the stature of the thought which gives music substance. For though the thought may mould the style of writing, style by itself lends no distinction at all, and is only a vital influence when it is generated by the power and energy of the composer's own thought and feeling. Otherwise it is only a deadening influence.

If you examine the works of the key figures of twentieth-century music, you will see the force of this. In his early music, which stemmed largely from French music of the time, Debussy already gave hints of an individual approach to harmony; but until he came into contact with the music of other cultures and rejected the style previously imposed

on him, he did not develop characteristically—nor did his music become really personal. Before 'Petrouchka', Stravinsky accepted the Impressionist style invented in France; and no matter how far he had extended it, that style would have been a *cul-de-sac* for him had he not been caught up by the rhythmic dynamism of ballet and folk-dance. The young Sibelius took his style from Tchaikovsky; the mature Sibelius was transformed through the Finnish epic. Hungarian folk-songs gave pulse, energy, and character to Bartók's virtuosity; while one of the most potent influences in shaping Vaughan Williams' music was English folk-song. In other words, each of these composers has not only mastered the technique of his craft—and that implies an acquaintance with style—but he has gone on thinking and searching until sooner or later he has found something outside himself which has set him free to discover his full potentialities.

By now you will have realised that I have so far ignored two controversial, but very important, figures in contemporary music, Schönberg and Hindemith; and this is not because I undervalue their achievements, even though I get but slight satisfaction from their music, particularly that of Schönberg. My only quarrel with them is that they are systematisers: by which I mean that they have not only described in words what they have discovered in their development as creative musicians, but they have also proclaimed their discoveries as a system for other composers to follow. And in doing this they are combining two functions which in essence are not compatible—the functions of composer and critic. By that I am not suggesting that a composer must not think about his art. Of course he must, as I have said earlier; and in the process of creation he must be aware of some sort of musical morality that will say 'No' to some things and 'Yes' to others. I said 'some sort of musical morality'—a vague phrase, if you like, but purposely used. For the moment those negatives and affirmatives are described and set down in words—captured in a verbal form, if you like—that same moment they are cut off from their living source and cease to live, except as dry formulae to be adopted or discarded by others according to the dictates of fashion.

One of my students, on completing his course of study, came to me

one day and asked me in all seriousness what style I would advise him to adopt in his composition. I advised him to write only the music he liked to write and which gave him satisfaction, and forget about style. But this advice is less easy to follow than it sounds, for you, a young composer, in this exciting twentieth century, are developing in a maelstrom of seemingly irreconcilable music, each section of which has ardent critical support. You must therefore be forgiven for not finding the common denominator of, say, Carl Orff, Messiaen and Tippett or Walton. If this letter can help you to find this common denominator and thus help you to be aware of unsystematised characteristics, I shall have achieved my main aim. Awareness and not commitment should be your concern as a developing artist—awareness of the many styles being followed by disciples of this or that school, but commitment to none of them if you are to develop fully as an artist.

I started this letter by suggesting that modern music was really less heterogeneous than it may at first seem. You remember how Scriabin reminded me of the French Impressionists? Let us go further and discover why. If you asked me what was the most fundamental characteristic of Impressionist music, I should reply 'subtle suggestion by mainly harmonic means'. In other words, the Impressionists relied on a piling-up of notes to create their effects of light and shade, of water and landscape; melody, that string of single notes making a definite and unequivocal statement, is usually underdeveloped in Impressionist music for the obvious reason that it is too direct. It is because of this stress on complex systems of harmony, however varied their origin, that the music of the Impressionists and Scriabin came in time to have a sameness about it, as though all such music gravitated finally to a common area in our experience. So that although Scriabin expressed a mystical voluptuousness, and Messiaen expresses a Christian voluptuousness, while Debussy and Ravel were frankly hedonist, the music of all four of them seems now to spring from a common cast of thought.

Music Saturated in Melody

In the same way, music of a predominantly rhythmic character stirs us in a particular way, no matter what private system it is built on: the complex framework of Stravinsky's 'Les Noces', the simple one of Carl Orff's 'Carmina Burana'; the direct, metrical framework of Holst's 'Mars', or the unmetrical one of Daniel Jones' Sonata for timpani. So, too, music saturated in melody—and this implies counterpoint, one melody set against another: such music again occupies its own unique area in our experience. If this is the more substantial area, the one with a more diversified landscape, it is because melody and its concomitant, counterpoint, bring all the delights of harmony and rhythm without self-consciously showing them off.

Do you see now where my argument is leading? Your problem is not solved by adopting the solution of Schönberg, Hindemith, Messiaen, or following either the Stravinskian ethic as outlined in certain French quarters, or the Boris Blacher ethic as preached in certain English quarters. These may have validity on paper, but your business is to find where your own roots lie and not be a mere partisan of, or subscriber to, a theory which only exists because of someone else's struggle towards the light. It is often said that these theories are modern disciplines, but the discipline of so ordering successive notes that they communicate to others their essential logic and yet at the same time fulfil an inner intention is the only really valid one in any age, for it is a facet of the creative process itself.

In a curious *Treatise on Music*, more a medley of random thoughts than an ordered textbook, written by George Antheil and Ezra Pound and privately printed in Paris in the 'twenties, the point is rather facetiously made that far too much attention has hitherto been paid to the notes themselves and not nearly enough to what happens between the notes. On the surface, this is a typical 'silly 'twenties' observation, a typical reversal of values, yet there is a truth in it perhaps unsuspected by the authors. This is that music, being an art dependent upon time for its unfolding, does in a peculiar way derive individuality from the relationship of successive sounds. If this observation seems to lead directly to atonal theory, the basis of which is abnormal tonal relationships, I can only reply that my quarrel is with the compelling power of a system and not with what is dictated by a balance of logic and emotion within the composer.

Systems are tempting, inasmuch as they do provide a ready-made logic, and are a possible short cut to some sort of expression. If the mechanics of such give you enjoyment, as undoubtedly they can, all well and good; but this is not what I mean by composition. There

are no short cuts here: only a persistent struggle to attain freedom of expression which, once attained, can paradoxically lead to a slackening of creative energy. You may want to mention Mozart here and claim him as an example of someone with complete technical freedom and yet whose output suffered no diminution in quality. But the difference is that this freedom was inborn in Mozart by reason of the universalism of the idiom: the style here was a given tool with which to enlarge the boundaries of expression. In other words, the struggle (for I am no believer in the effortlessness of Mozart's greatest music) takes place at a different level.

Present-day Critical Attitudes

Having come round again to the question of style or idiom, I would like to add a word about present-day critical attitudes. A disturbing feature is the increasing emphasis upon idiom as a yardstick with which to evaluate a composer's work. This does give a standard of reference to the critic, but is altogether inadequate as a general critical apparatus. The idiom a composer works in is his own choice, his own bias if you like, and to dismiss a work merely because it does not fit into the critics' category of what constitutes modernity is a fatal narrowing of vision. We know how many products of so-called 'modernity' have already been thrown on the dust-heap, so that we ought by now to be wary of up-to-the-minute systems that are going to point the way to the future. Art has a habit of contradicting the critics' prophetic utterances, but it may be that these are necessary irritants that help to produce the final pearl. In saying this, I am not by any means implying that I am a traditionalist: traditionalism and modernism are really meaningless terms, and as labels are valueless. For the musician, living in the present situation, and being sensitive to the complexity of the scene, can never view traditional procedures in any other than a contemporary light: unless his work is complete pastiche, in which case it is not worth consideration.

But it is time for me to close this letter. In doing so, however, I am conscious that you may find in what I have written little that gives you a definite lead, little that says 'do this', 'do that'. But that has not been my purpose, even were I competent or in a position to give clear-cut decisions about the direction your work should take. Yet I hope I have given you, a self-employed person in the deepest sense, valid reasons for pursuing your own path, provided it is really your own, and reasons for subjecting criticism to a scrutiny that sifts, in your case, the true from the false. A composer's work entails a constant scrutiny not only of what comes to him from his own centre but of what is given from outside, whether belonging to the present or to the past, so that all he writes shall conform to an inner standard.

—Home Service

Spleen

(after Baudelaire)

When the low heavy sky is like a lid,
And the weight of time brings only suffering;
When never a night was made more black and squalid
Than the day that pours through the horizon's ring;

When the earth seems a dungeon, close and damp,
Where Hope in panic like a bat goes wheeling
And beats its timid wings against the lamp
And bangs its head upon the rotted ceiling;

And when the rain, trailing enormous fibres,
Seems like the bars of some great prison-pen,
And a dumb nation of disgusting spiders
Comes spinning webs inside the brains of men;

Suddenly bells are struck—they clang with fury
And hurl their terrible howling to the skies,
Like aimless ghosts long exiled from their country
Who fill the air with stubborn gibbering cries—

And a long silent funeral procession
Files through my soul, and even Pain is dull:
Hope weeps, for fierce Despair is in possession
And plants his black flag in my desolate skull.

MICHAEL HATWELL

Tyranny by Law

By R. W. K. HINTON

It is relevant to think about Charles I because there is beginning to be talk of loss of liberty once again. People are saying that Ministers have too much discretion, or that civil servants have too much power, or that administrative tribunals are dangerous; and every now and then the newspapers report some vexatious episode where the government has taken away someone's property or livelihood without sufficient cause, or without showing sufficient cause. The trouble is to know what can be done about these unjust, or apparently unjust, acts of Ministers and civil servants; because they are all legal, they are done under acts of parliament by power granted for some necessary purpose of good government. How to have good effective government without losing liberty is an eternal problem, but sometimes it becomes especially difficult one. It is easy to have plenty of liberty when you are satisfied with a small amount of government, but when you want a great deal the problem is bound to become acute.

It last came to a head in England in the time of Charles I. Charles I's actions were no less legal than everything the government does today. What we learn from the reign of Charles I is that a government can only make itself a tyrant even though its actions are lawful and reformed in good faith.

When Charles I was condemned to death in 1649 it was because he did not behave like a tyrant. This was in the indictment: a 'wicked sign' to set up an 'unlimited and tyrannical power to rule according to his will'. They had made the same charge against his Ministers, the Earl of Strafford and Archbishop Laud, in 1640: that these men had tried to 'subvert the fundamental laws and introduce an arbitrary and tyrannical government'. The civil wars were not just a struggle for power; they began, at any rate, as a defence of liberty; parliament attacking the Earl of Strafford and Archbishop Laud was defending an ancient constitution, which protected that liberty, against a new form of government which was destroying it.

Traditional Definition

The seventeenth-century definition of a tyrant was a ruler who took away subjects' goods without their consent. When the king wanted money the proper thing was to hold a parliament, and when the House of Lords and the House of Commons consented to a tax everyone in the kingdom was held to have consented to it. The fundamental law which Charles and his advisers were accused of subverting was, simply, that they had no right to take anything which the subjects did not thus freely give. One cannot state too emphatically that this definition of tyranny was traditional, universal, and familiar to everyone. Even the king accepted it. What it involved can best be understood by looking outside the immediate English controversy at a foreign government whose tyranny was unquestioned. There were two such governments in Europe at that time, the Russian and the Turkish, and if one reads the seventeenth-century travel books and descriptions of these countries it is soon clear what tyranny meant in practice. I shall take some examples from Turkey.

The first comes from a learned *History of the Turks* published in 1683, the year of the death of Queen Elizabeth. 'The Ottoman government', it says, 'is mere tyrannical; it is altogether like the government of a master over his slave, indeed mere tyrannical: for the great sultan is so absolute a lord of all things within the compass of his empire, that all his people, be they never so great, do call themselves his slaves, and not his subjects: neither hath any man power over himself, much less is he lord of the house wherein he dwelleth, or of the land which he tilleth, longer than it pleaseth the sultan'. Englishmen were subjects: subjects owed obedience to the ruler, but the ruler could not take their goods without their consent. Slaves, on the other hand, had no property: all that they had, and indeed they themselves, were the property of their master. This writer added that such a form of government was 'by any free born people not to be endured'. The English noted also a deplorable lack of economic prosperity: for when they asked, would bother to work when everything they earned went to the government? 'The tyrannical government of the Turk

dehorteth men from tillage, merchandise and other improvements of their estates, as knowing all their gettings to lie in the Grand Seigneur's mercy'.

No wonder this government was by any free-born people not to be endured. Our writers always point out that it was as different as possible from the proper state of things in England. 'Hereby wives may learn to love their husbands', says one popular account, 'when they shall read in what slavery women live in other countries, and what liberty and freedom they themselves enjoy. Hereby servants may be taught to be faithful and dutiful to their masters, when they shall read of the brutish and barbarous inhumanity in other countries of masters towards their servants'. But the main lesson was this: 'Hereby subjects may learn to love, honour and obey their good and gracious king, when they shall read of the tyrannous government of other countries and of the merciful government of theirs'.

Men Deprived of their Livelihood

That was written early in James I's reign. It would have sounded much less convincing thirty years later. For Charles I did take the subjects' goods without their consent. He imposed taxes on imports and exports without consent of parliament, and levied ship money, and this came clearly within the definition of tyranny. By monopolies also, more insidiously but no less surely, he deprived men of their livelihood. When he gave to some people the sole right to make soap he took away the livelihood of those who had previously made it; and he made everyone give a price for it that he fixed. He gave monopolists powers of search in private houses; he destroyed the machinery of manufacturers who resisted; and he set exorbitant fines on them and put them in prison, where some died.

Yet everything Charles did was lawful. We must say this; it is not a matter of opinion. For, in the first place, the judges said it was lawful. Whenever a subject resisted and it came to a law-case, the judges found that impositions, or ship money, or this or that monopoly, were in accordance with the law of the land: and what the judges say is the law. This was as true then as it is today. In the second place, their judgements were correct. A bench of modern judges, taking the law as it then stood, would undoubtedly uphold their predecessors. It used to be thought, in a famous phrase, that they were 'corrupt with the hope of promotion' or 'awestruck by the frowns of power', but it is now agreed that in every case that came before them the king had a precedent, an ancient right, even a fundamental obligation on his side, to act as he had.

Charles I did not want to be a tyrant, and did not believe that he was one. He knew that tyranny was taking the subjects' goods without their consent, and he knew that this was what he was doing; but he relied—like everyone else—on the law, and he thought he could not be a tyrant when his actions were lawful. In this he was wrong. The view that his actions could not be tyrannical because they were lawful is just as one-sided as the later view of the so-called whig historians, that they could not have been lawful because they were tyrannical. We must simply believe, as his subjects did, that they were lawful and tyrannical at the same time. The explanation of this apparent contradiction—for it is not a real contradiction—is so simple, and so obvious from the vantage-point of the twentieth century, that the whole process looks natural and almost inevitable.

Choice of Weapon in a Continual Duel

It was natural, first, that the king should win his cases. He did nothing without legal advice. He often consulted the judges themselves. If he had not had a good case, therefore, there would never have been a case at all. These famous constitutional cases by which the king established legal tyranny were like a succession of duels in which he always had the choice of weapons: he did not provoke a challenge unless he had a weapon that suited him.

Secondly, it was natural that suitable weapons were to hand. I said

that the king not only had precedents and ancient rights on his side, but also an obligation. This was simply the obligation to govern: to defend the kingdom from external dangers and to promote its internal welfare. It was for this purpose—not just for amusement, or by accident—that the law permitted impositions, ship money, monopolies. There was a duty to provide ships for the defence of the realm, hence a right to ship money; a duty to regulate and protect foreign trade, hence a right to impositions; a duty to encourage industry, hence a power of setting up corporations and granting patents of monopoly.

The strong English kingship had gathered these duties—and the corresponding rights—in the course of ages, and they were not out of date in the seventeenth century. The seventeenth century had a strong belief in the virtue of government and a persistent desire for it. It had never heard of *laissez-faire*; everyone believed in government intervention in principle, and there was always someone appealing for it in particular. The seventeenth-century pressure on the government to govern could easily be overlooked by historians of the *laissez-faire* era, but there is no such excuse for us because we have the same pressure today. It meant that Charles could not avoid tyranny by inaction. Of course this solution did not occur to him: he was wholly intent on giving the kingdom the good government for which it clamoured, and he did in fact build ships with ship money, and promote internal welfare according to his lights. These things being laid fairly and squarely on the shoulders of the king alone, the law only reflected general opinion when it gave him the power to do them; and he only followed it when he did them.

But the manner in which those powers were employed was capable of abuse. They were powers to be used at discretion, and the discretion was the king's. The law said what the powers were, but had nothing to say about the discretion with which they were used. The judges were not capable of questioning the expediency or necessity, they only had to do with the question of law. They defined the powers but they had to take the discretion for granted.

The judges did not deny the fundamental law that the king could not take the subjects' goods without their consent. On the contrary they continually reaffirmed it. They only said, in every case as it came before them, that in this particular case, for a special reason, the king in his discretion could override it. The simplest and most important example is the case of ship money. Ship money was a lawful levy for the defence of the kingdom when it was in danger. Who was to decide the danger? Undoubtedly the man who was responsible for coping with it, the king. So much was agreed by all. Charles, however, began to levy ship money every year, as a regular tax. A regular tax, without consent, was clearly tyranny, and one year John Hampden

refused to pay it. But the judges in Hampden's case were not concerned with ship money as a regular tax levied every year; they were only to decide whether it was a lawful levy in the year when Hampden refused to pay it; and once they had accepted that the king was the proper judge of danger, and that he had judged there was danger, they could not say otherwise than that the levy in that year was lawful and so, of course, for every year. If the judges had been asked whether it was lawful to levy a regular tax of ship money every year running, they would probably have said 'No—not without consent'. But if they were not asked. A continuous tax which was unlawful as a war tax was therefore made possible through being declared lawful in a single year. When we add to this that they judged impositions to be lawful for similar special reasons, and the monopolies likewise, it is easy to understand how Charles I brought in tyranny by law.

It looks as if tyranny is liable to creep in in this way whenever the good of the nation requires an unusually large amount of government. If the country wants its agricultural land farmed efficiently, it must ultimately give the government power to decide who is a good farmer and who is not; somebody in the government uses his discretion; he uses it unlawfully there is a check, the aggrieved person can take him to law; but if he uses it badly there is no redress unless the government volunteers it. This happened in the episode of Crichton Dow. Many people do not think it is sufficient. Likewise, if the government is to be responsible for national security, ultimately it must have the power of deciding whether an individual shall lose his job or keep it; and if he is dismissed we are to be content, like the judges, in the case of ship money, with an assurance that someone in government decided that it was necessary. These powers are granted nowadays by parliament, whereas the powers of Charles I were permitted by law. But they may equally be abused.

Our great historians of a past generation used to persuade us that history is the story of liberty, of liberty—according to Tennyson—that broadened down from precedent to precedent. In reality it seems to be the story of liberty constantly on the defensive, repeatedly counter-attacking: not so much against dictators and *coups d'état*, against lawful governments trying to govern properly in times when much governing seems to be necessary.

The seventeenth century's solution to the problem of administrative discretion, when they found that the law could not cope with it, was to bring in parliament as well. Now the wheel has gone round and we have parliament alone, but there is the beginning of a movement to bring back the law. The idea that you can have checks on the government is completely against the teaching of nineteenth-century jurists; but government was a simpler matter to them than it was in the seventeenth century and is again in the twentieth.

—Third Programme

Two Edwardian Families

By DONALD BOYD

WE had a rich uncle—really a great-uncle by marriage—who lived in a house called 'The Mere'. It never seemed odd that the house had no mere, nor was near one. The house was rather grand: it had a stream running through the front garden, and a bowling green at the back. It had a breakfast-room, and a dining-room, and a drawing-room furnished in yellow velvet. The handles of the rooms did not turn in the ordinary way: you pulled or pushed them if you wanted to open the doors.

Uncle Ben could be merry and jocular, but his mood was usually severe. He was a justice of the peace, and people came to him to ask about the law. He smoked cigars which he kept in a roll-top desk. He had four sons, and he was severe with them, too. If they did not get up early enough in the morning—and they seldom did—Uncle Ben would roar at them from the bottom of the attic stairs. The young men kept a few boots handy, to make a noise on the floor as though they were up and dressed, and this sometimes worked. The house at that time was lit by gas, and in the boys' room the lighting fixture came down in an S, which had an old-fashioned fantail burner at its end. Brazed on to the bulge of the S was a hook on which to hang a small tin of water. By this device the burner heated water for shaving. In this

room they kept the usual equipment of the young men of the time: dumb-bells, Indian clubs, and chest expander. Every young man was to go through these exercises, or pretend to. He had to fling out cold iron dumb-bells, and swing his clubs, and expand his chest standing on the cold oilcloth in front of the open window. Uncle Ben made his sons pay some rent for their lodging so that they could have a parliamentary vote.

Sometimes I went to the house to play bowls. I liked the game, whoever did play had to be careful to clean and dry and oil the bowls afterwards, and usually there was an inspection. One day when I was oiling them I was sent into the house with a message, and was ordered out by Uncle Ben who would not receive the message until I had washed my hands; and I could not wash my hands until I had finished the oiling. The lateness of the message earned me another reproof. It was awful to be noticed by Uncle Ben. He played chess and backgammon cheerfully enough with my grandfather. His favourite outdoor game was golf. He was severe about golf too, and got into tremendous cold rages with people in front who delayed him. I heard other players say that he was 'deadly with the iron'. This seemed a good description.

There was warm affection between the families. But there did arise a crisis. Uncle Ben was married three times, and I think one of the cousins made an injudicious remark about his matrimonies, and Uncle Ben announced that 'that woman' would not be invited to the wedding, or admitted to the house. This made my grandmother angry, and she announced, in turn, that if that were to be so, none of us would come either. Fortunately the cousin had a diplomatic illness and the crisis was avoided. This, and all other disagreements, were fought above our heads.

Over the Washing-up

But my mother, particularly when I helped her with the washing-up, was given to musing aloud to me upon family affairs, with little anecdotes of behaviour and speculations upon character, and how this or that situation had occurred, and how it might have been avoided, and how it all ended. Sometimes such tales might grieve her but she was always able to be amused by the oddities of people. She had deep feeling, but also she had the gift of separating herself from her feelings, so that she could look at characters, reasons, or events from the outside. And also she believed, and tried to make me see, that a true understanding of people and an ability to love them at the same time is maybe difficult, but is needed always if life is to be well lived. Many times, at the side of the sink, I have listened to her discourse and her answers to my questions, just as I heard her explain how hard it was for Uncle Ben to live alone in the house with his sons, deprived of the comfort of their mother, and also how it was that my grandmother should be so touchy, because she thought that the later marriages were in some sense a reflection upon her sister, Uncle Ben's first wife. 'People are often very funny', mother said, 'but it doesn't do to make fun of them, especially when they are serious . . . and that's often when they are funniest, you see'. I am sure she often found my father funny, and would sometimes let that show; but they were lovers until they died.

Two of Uncle Ben's sons worked in his business. One of the others was studying to be a doctor. He got into trouble frequently because he was a Rugby football player, and won skull-caps with gold tassels on them: he seemed to break his collar-bone too often, and Uncle Ben thought this meant that he was neglecting his studies; and he was not, in any case, a brilliant student, though he did become a very good doctor. The youngest of the sons went into the merchant marine and served his time in sail. When I was a boy he was my favourite, for he would come home bringing stories of the voyage round Cape Horn where the captain locked himself into his cabin with a case of gin, and the only food was salt pork and ship's biscuits full of weevils. They had to knock the biscuits on the table to get rid of the weevils before they could eat. Or there were stories of a cargo of monkeys which got loose and climbed all over the rigging, and had to be caught alive, in spite of the biting. He came back from one voyage with a zither, and a fine lady whom my grandmother said was an adventuress. But I was more interested in the cinnamon sticks which he brought for me and taught me to smoke; and very fragrant and hot they were.

The sailor left home early. I do not think life at home with Uncle Ben was as gay, for young people, as it could have been. But the four brothers grew up to be the most considerate and thorough of men. In loving-kindness and generosity it would be hard to find their equals.

Elaborate Jokes

The second family I wish to recall also had four sons, and they lived in a house called 'The Royd', which was much like 'The Mere' in design and style of living. Here it was the father who was missing. I do not assert that Victorian fathers were necessarily severe, but it was certain that this house, under the gentle government of 'Little Mother', was gay and lively, indeed almost too lively. For the four grown-up brothers had a fondness for elaborate jokes which nowadays would be impossible, but seemed then no more than ornaments upon a life lived in an atmosphere of security and progress.

Ernest and Frank, for instance, are returning from the city by tram. Ernest is artistic; something of a dilettante. Frank is large, with a heavy moustache. He always looked to me like the Laughing Cavalier in Frans Hals' picture. The tram is crowded. Frank has a seat. Ernest is standing, trying to read the evening newspaper, muttering to himself. But at last he addresses Frank in his precise tenor: 'Excuse me, sir, but you have enjoyed the comfort of that seat for a considerable part of the journey. I have been obliged to stand ever since we left the city. I suggest it is time you got up and offered me your

place, so that I can read the paper in some small degree of comfort'.

'I shall do no such thing, sir'.

'May I put it to you that your manner is discourteous, and your refusal uncivil?'

'Suggest what you like. It can have no importance to me'.

'Moreover, your behaviour is uncommonly selfish. You appear to be able-bodied and strongly built. You are well able to stand for a few minutes. I again request that you shall vacate your place so that I may use it. I am far from strong, and I wish to read the evening paper sitting down'.

This conversation has interested all the neighbouring travellers, and at this point one of them intervenes. It is what Ernest and Frank have been aiming for. 'I don't know what you're bothering the gentleman for. He's got a seat; you haven't. That's all there is in it, you see'.

'Precisely!'

'Well, why should he give up his seat for you? I don't know how you have the nerve to ask him'.

'Why shouldn't I ask him? He's my brother!'

Or, upon another occasion, it is Philip who is travelling into the city on the upper deck of the tram, accompanied by his wife. He is reading the *Yorkshire Post*, and hands the conductor, absent-mindedly, the penny fare. But the conductor waits. 'And the lady, sir?'

Philip pays no attention. The conductor cascades a few handfuls of pennies into his bag, waiting.

'I'm sorry, conductor, what is it? I gave you the correct fare'.

'The lady's fare, sir. Is it a penny, madam?'

'The lady's fare! I never saw the lady before in my life. Has she no money of her own? Indeed! Well, madam, I should be charmed to pay your fare. Here's a penny. And this is my card. You can send the money to my home address'.

The Great Lady and the Humbugs

The four brothers had a sister, as much given to play-acting as they, though in a different way. At times she would act the great lady, a character from a fashionable novel. It was with Frank that she visited Monte Carlo. The brother and sister, with some acquaintances, went into the gambling rooms, Maud leading the way with a trail of draperies and a gold mesh bag. But Frank paused at the entrance until the party was well advanced, and suddenly arrested them with a rough shout: 'Eh, miss! You've forgotten yer 'umbugs!' and waved a dirty little packet of sweets at them.

This sort of joking would be impudent today perhaps. It did not come amiss then, when the times seemed so peaceful that they required a little artificial insecurity. And they loved to be generous, too. At Christmas time they staged a tremendous occasion for the children of the church. The centre of the gathering was a huge Christmas tree which stood in the window of the large sitting-room. 'Little Mother' sat enthroned near at hand; and she was indeed little. She looked like a genial fairy version of Queen Victoria, with a small lace cap for a crown. When morning chapel was done, we went eagerly to the tree at 'The Royd' and had chicken sandwiches, mincepies, cake, and lemonade or coffee. But the best was to come. Ernest is wearing his velvet smoking jacket and a soft silk shirt, with a white silk bow tie; and claps his hands.

'Little Mother, may we open the Christmas tree?'

'Yes, Ernest dear, please open the Christmas tree. Please find something for . . . for Sylvia'.

Ernest, scissors in hand, snips off a parcel for Sylvia, then for Robert, and Margaret, and Arthur, and Geraldine, and Roger and Ruth. Every child had a present snipped from the tree by Uncle Ernest. And when everyone had a present he would climb to the top of the ladder, commanding attention and silence from everyone, and snip from the very top, under the star, a small parcel and bring it down, and carry it to our hostess: 'And this special parcel is for Little Mother, because, of all of us, she is the youngest at heart'. They would exchange an embrace, and she would let fall a tear, and everyone would applaud, and thank her and Uncle Ernest and the rest of them, and go home in dazzled wonder at such munificence.

—Home Service

Museums and Galleries in Great Britain and Northern Ireland (Index Publishers Ltd., 69 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1., price 2s. 6d.) contains details of over 700 collections, with hours of opening, admission charges etc. The booklet is illustrated and is a companion volume to *Historic Houses and Castles in Great Britain and Northern Ireland* (price 3s.)

NEWS DIARY

September 5-11

Wednesday, September 5

Trades Union Congress carries resolution rejecting a policy of wage restraint

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd gives a report about the London Conference on Suez to the Nato Council meeting in Paris

President Nasser meets Mr. Menzies and other members of the Suez Committee for the fourth time

Thursday, September 6

It is announced that the Houses of Parliament are to be recalled to debate the Suez crisis. French Cabinet has a special meeting in Paris. Mr. Dulles meets members of Congressional Foreign Affairs Committees in Washington

T.U.C. passes resolution on question of Suez Canal

British Consul-General visits British subjects arrested in Cairo on charges of spying

Friday, September 7

Talks on Malta in London end successfully. Minister of Agriculture speaks about 'appalling conditions' of this year's harvest

T.U.C. passes resolution in favour of the 40-hour week against the advice of the Council

Saturday, September 8

French Prime Minister and Foreign Minister accept invitation to London

Mr. Mohammed Ali resigns office of Prime Minister of Pakistan and leadership of Muslim League

Sunday, September 9

The talks in Cairo between the Suez Committee and President Nasser end with publication of a *communiqué* and correspondence. Mr. Menzies describes the situation as 'very, very grave'

Sir Anthony Eden returns to London after visit to H.M. the Queen at Balmoral

Monday, September 10

Egyptian Government sends Note to all the nations of the world except Israel proposing immediate discussions by all states using Suez Canal.

British and French Ministers meet in London to discuss next move in Suez Canal crisis

Bomb is exploded at Cyprus base near Limassol

Tuesday, September 11

British and French Ministers reach full agreement on further measures to be taken over Suez Canal

Director-General of Suez Canal Company authorises pilots who wish to be repatriated to cease work at end of week

Governor of Cyprus orders a Greek priest to leave the island



President Nasser (left) photographed with members of the Suez Committee after the end of the discussions in Cairo on September 9. Next to President Nasser are Mr. Henderson (United States), Mr. Ardalan (Persia), Mr. Unden (Sweden), Mr. Habtewold (Ethiopia), and Mr. Menzies (Australia)



C. B. Fry, the distinguished cricketer and athlete, who died on September 7 at the age of eighty-four. He captained England against Australia and South Africa in 1912 and retired from cricket in 1921



Right: Sandy Gray of Aberdeenshire making the winning throw with a twenty-two-pound hammer on the first day of the Braemar Games which opened on September 6. H.M. the Queen and other members of the Royal Family attended the Games



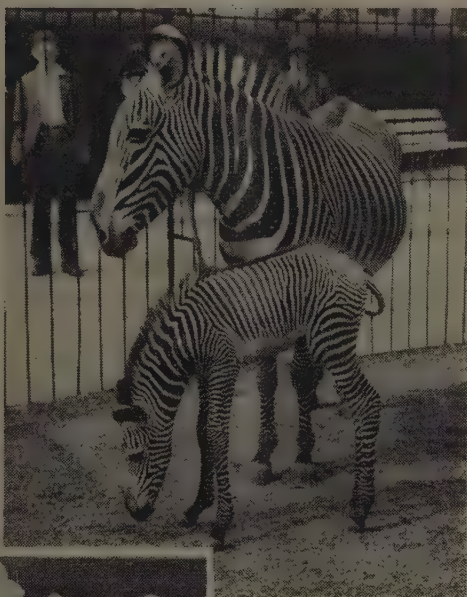
A tank in the grounds of the high school in Sturgis, Kentucky, on September 7. The tank was used to enforce the ruling of the U.S. Supreme Court that there should be no segregation in American schools



French parachute troops marching through Limassol in Cyprus on September 7. They had arrived on the troop carrier *Athos* on the previous day. French troops are being allowed to be stationed in Cyprus in order to assist in the protection of the interests of French subjects in the Middle East



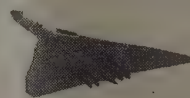
cruisers com-Gaydon chal-he opening of: at Burnham-September 8



A zebra mare with her offspring, who was just over a week old, photographed in the Bristol Zoological Gardens on September 8. This is the first zebra foal to be reared in this zoo



Left: a prize-winning group of dahlias which were exhibited at the National Dahlia Society's annual floral meeting held last week in the Royal Horticultural Society halls in Westminster. It was given the first prize for nine blooms of two or more varieties shown in one vase



An Avro Vulcan four-jet delta-winged jet bomber flying during the Farnborough Air Display on September 7. Some of the events had to be cancelled owing to bad weather

The Tactics of Meditation

By the Very Rev. M. C. D'ARCY, S.J.

ST. IGNATIUS of Loyola, when he died in 1556, left two memorials: a new religious order, and a small book commonly known as *The Spiritual Exercises*. There are short books packed with wisdom like *The Imitation of Christ* by à Kempis (George Eliot found nourishment in it), classics on prayer and the spiritual life by St. Bonaventure or St. John of the Cross or St. Francis de Sales or Augustine Baker. *The Spiritual Exercises* is like none of these, and if you were to pick it up you would soon put it down because of its dryness. It was never meant to be read except by those who give the exercises.

Manual of Asceticism

Ignatius expressly says this. He was no writer, even in his later years. This book was composed by a semi-literate knight in 1521 immediately after his conversion, when he had no books by his side except the New Testament and *The Imitation of Christ*. He wrote incorrectly and with difficulty, we are told; and another commentator tells us that the book is 'entirely without charm—utterly devoid of all learned rhetoric, exaggeration or mystic heights'. Notice these last words. Some enthusiasts will have it that the book ranks among mystical treatises. Others, on the contrary, irritated by such claims and the chill of the exercises, accept Henry Bremond's summing-up—'a manual of asceticism, not of prayer'.

Ignatius when he wrote it did not make high claims: he gave as its title, *Spiritual Exercises for overcoming oneself and for regulating one's life without being swayed by any inordinate attachment*. Such a title recalls the Pauline image of life as warfare, and the one career in life with which Ignatius was well acquainted was soldiering. He knew the results of unpreparedness, of slack discipline and shortsightedness. When he hung up his sword and dedicated himself to the service of Christ he still thought in military terms, and in his simple way he borrowed the language he knew to express the lights he received in his long battle with himself. What Jacob the farmer saw as a ladder between earth and heaven, the lame knight saw as a battlefield and himself on the side of Christ. The general aim of the exercises, therefore, is to produce followers of Christ, wholly given over to his love and service.

In keeping with such a purpose he tells the exercitant to begin the meditations with the prayer 'to ask God our Lord for grace that all my intentions, external actions and interior operations may be ordered purely to the service and praise of his Divine Majesty'. Praise runs throughout, and might rise to ecstasy, but the main objective in view is service. Hence the meditations lead on both to perfect living and what looms very largely in the book, some one particular decision, great or small. It may be the breaking of some bad habit, a decision on marriage, the choice of a job, or to be a priest or monk. The man who comes out from a retreat is meant to have a clarified mind, and a will no longer swayed by considerations of money or comfort or success. He should know the will of God and follow it.

Detachment—and a Sharpened Will

The series of meditations are so designed as to have this effect. The first is called 'The Foundation' and comes to this: that God is the end of man's aspirations and strivings; and since this is so, all else is logically relevant to this end. Therefore a man must free himself to look at anything in life detachedly—health or sickness, wealth or poverty, honour or dishonour, long life or short—so as to be ready contentedly to accept or embrace whatever proves to be God's will for him. This is the famous principle of detachment or indifference of will. The next meditations are on the evil of sin within and without. The Christian scheme is then prescribed—the true way of life as found in the Gospel story—and the retreat ends with a contemplation on love. This set of themes has nothing new about it, except that from the beginning the stress is put on the cleaning and sharpening of the will: and then in certain key meditations the will is trained on its target—to the choosing, that is, of something nobler in the

service of God, and the ratification of this by a decision of some kind.

To gain his end, therefore, Ignatius does not stay over subjects much loved by earlier Christian writers—faith or hope or wisdom or modes of union. His technique is different, again, from the techniques common amongst eastern sages. He wished the exercitant to see God in whatever he does, his favourite phrase being 'to see God in all things'. To bring this about the mind must be clear, the will detached from selfish longings, with one ultimate loyalty, Christ. To suit the capacity and taste of the exercitant he proposes various forms of prayer, and outlines what he had found the most useful methods for his series of meditations. The Nativity in Bethlehem, for example, is to be seen first pictorially and imaginatively, then digested by the mind, and the consideration is to end in acts of affection and will. This is not, however, a tight programme, for Ignatius insists on liberty of soul; it being much better, as he says, that 'the Lord himself should communicate himself to the devout soul, and so we should allow the Creator to work immediately with the creature and the creature with its Creator'. This clearly is not mysticism in the accepted sense, but it has recently been called contemplation in action.

In the Cave at Manresa

As the book is like a manual and meant for use and not for reading, it is difficult to give an idea of its quality by quotation. Each meditation is to take an hour, and the full course is to occupy a month. The time, however, can be reduced, and usually is, to eight or three days or just a week-end. When used as exercises the cold writing comes alive, and one is made conscious of a passionate logic, of an ideal with its alternative so compellingly presented that, as Captain Shotover said, 'Navigation. Learn it and live: or leave it and be damned'. Half-measures, excuses, and the second-best are made to look what they are; and so hollow does the self appear and so austere the demands on it that the exercitant might be tempted to lose heart were not the sombre theme counterpointed by a melody all Ignatius' own, well expressed in the line, 'There is no poppy in Castile so lovely as his open wound'. *The Spiritual Exercises* are the diary put into shape of his own experiences, when, after his wound, his sickness, and his conversion, he decided to give his knightly service to God instead of to the royal house of Spain. For ten months in the cave at Manresa he wrestled with himself and God, and came out with a new passionate loyalty and love. It is this passion which charges the rough sentences and hard sayings and forces the exercitant to see the stark Gospel teaching of the Cross as not only a reasonable and honourable service but as an encounter of love.

The combination of logic and love, with the motif of disciplined service, explains in good part the immediate success of *The Spiritual Exercises*. Ignatius had a direct and uncomplicated mind. What God had taught him he would teach others: so he gave his exercises to those he met. The results were startling. The friends he made in Paris were transformed; they became his companions in a new enterprise, and they carried in their own persons and in their preaching these exercises throughout Europe, the Indies, and Japan. The new society grew and spread to China, Africa, and the Americas, themselves making these exercises every year and using them on their converts. The result has been that the book has become one of the most familiar and formative books of spirituality in the world.

Propaganda has had something to do with its success, but no amount of effort would have kept it alive had it not possessed some qualities answering the needs and ideals of men and women in the sixteenth century and since. To the sixteenth century has been attributed the rise of modern science, of humanism, of liberty of the individual and of opinion. Change certainly was in the air. Whereas Abbot Suger in the twelfth century might bid his builders and artists do all for the glory of God, a Medici would tell them to have in mind man and his anatomy. Learning, which had been confined to clerics and monasteries and universities, spread slowly with the invention of printing to all and sundry. Of the three scriptural enemies of the soul, the devil, the world, and the flesh, the world became more noticeable and ambiguous. A

spirituality to meet such a changing situation needed to be less monastic and more flexible, and to give a vision of order in an enlarged and bewildering universe. The calm sky of faith also was being now broken by storms. The noise of conflicting opinions and the scandals within the old faith showed a longing for reform. Not humanism but worldliness had infected the centre of Christendom.

A Battle Within

Ignatius when he wrote his *Exercises* had little or no acquaintance with the Protestant reformers. He was out for battle, but not with external enemies. The enemies are within—the blindness of soul which comes with worldliness and pride. Two of the chief meditations in the *Exercises* have as their subjects 'Two Kingdoms, Two Standards'. The first exercitants must have been struck by the calm delineation of the rival strategy of two leaders, the Evil One and Christ, as actual and visible to Ignatius as the fighting at Pampeluna. Christ stands; Satan sits on a special kind of chair: and the exercitant has to meditate on their tactics—how the one bids his followers 'to tempt men with the desire of riches, that they thereby may come more easily to the vain honour of this world and afterwards to unbounded pride'; whereas Christ bids his followers 'to draw man to perfect spiritual poverty and perhaps to actual poverty; then to a desire for reproaches, because from these two things results humility'. There are no soft options here, no playing down to the bourgeois spirit, to *l'homme moyen sensuel*. Incidentally, there is no mention of sex, either here or elsewhere.

In a key meditation preceding this, called 'The Kingdom of Christ', he compares, not contrasts, the highest princely achievement of the world, the splendour of it, with the service of Christ in lowliness and self-sacrifice. The effect of it on Gerard Hopkins is seen in 'The Windhover' and illustrates a point I want to make. The princely falcon—'kingdom of daylight's dauphin'—stirs him to admiration for its mastery and perfection. But there is something better.

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here
Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion
Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!

And, adds Hopkins, the obscure living and the 'sheer plod' and pain of it also 'gash gold-vermilion'.

Here, I believe, is the secret of Ignatian spirituality and what I mean by contemplation in action. All Christian spirituality is fundamentally the same, but there are different accents. The monastic stress is on contemplation, and the active life interferes with it. The medieval friar gives a place to action, but there is still a division between contemplation and action. Ignatius wanted action and contemplation to go together, where action is service. Service reached up to a companionship and collaboration with Christ till finally a man no longer lived but Christ lived and worked with and in him. His constant advice was to seek God in all things. To a soul filled with God all things speak of him. Creatures and the active life are not an obstacle to the properly ordered mind. This means not so much seeing eternity in a grain of sand as seeing in the action—the work—what modern theology calls the *kairos*—the moment of truth, the advent of Christ, the logos becoming flesh in the action, which gashes gold-vermilion.

This may serve as a rejoinder to the critics who take amiss what they call the athleticism of the exercises, the technique for self-mastery and similar machinery. The sixteenth century saw the rise of modern science with the introduction of new methods of observation and control. Such methods have inevitably produced the machine and have served also to throw light upon the conscious and unconscious activities of the self. Ignatius wrote rules for the discernment of the causes and variations of human motives, of scruples, changes of mood; and these run along with the modern observations on rationalisation and reason, repressions and compensation. Ignatius did not produce machinery so much as a technique for purifying oneself so as to be able to belong to God's act. This did mean perhaps greater self-consciousness, the kind of change from Spenser's 'Faerie Queene' and its allegories to the devotional poetry of a John Donne, who almost certainly had studied *The Spiritual Exercises*. The indirect influence of this method, however, is seen still better in the writings of the Spanish school of mystics. St. John of the Cross uses a lens by which the almost indecipherable experiences of the mystic are made as distinct as the features of a face, so that from then onward the various stages of the interior life become recognisable with their precise degree of passivity and activity of sense, emotion, and intellect.

Unselfish Service and Worship

The danger of methods of self-examination is that they may lead to excessive introspection: the use of a mirror instead of a window. The spiritual life then turns into a climbing of a greasy pole instead of a mode of union. St. Ignatius takes precautions against this, and he tells the director of the exercises to leave the exercitant as much as possible to the graces of the Holy Spirit; and, be it repeated, the aim of a retreat is unselfish service and worship. Much clearly depends upon the director—for it is for him to adapt the exercises to the conditions and needs of the exercitant. In the centuries since the book was first written a vast library has grown up round it, notes, commentaries, developments and adaptations; and it is this accumulated experience which has helped to keep the subject-matter of the book up to date and suited to changing types of persons. Those who benefited by the exercises in the sixteenth century were less plagued, perhaps, than we are by doubts about themselves and the universe they lived in. Yet I doubt whether the efficacy of the exercises has diminished. The popularity of retreats today points to the contrary. Mankind in the intervening centuries has become more sophisticated, and more conscious of the extent and depth of nature and of his own powers, conscious and unconscious.

Ignatius, we are told, loved to look up at the stars and contemplate the majesty of God, and, like Dante, saw in God 'the love which moves the sun and the other stars'. He relied on a medieval astronomy and in his 'Letter on Obedience' wrote of 'the celestial bodies and globes', and how it is necessary that 'with due conformity and order the inferior globe be subject to the superior'. The example is out of date, but the vision is not—of a universe moving by laws of harmony and man bringing his will and mind lovingly into the hidden movement of love. The exercises are meant to be the means of 'dressing man's days to this dexterous and starlight order'.—*Third Programme*

The Position of Indians in South Africa

(continued from page 371)

power latent in organised non-white labour. Its leaders have courted imprisonment during the passive resistance campaigns of 1946 and 1952, and today many of them have been banned by the Government under the Suppression of Communism Act. Communism is defined somewhat widely in South African law. The Congress members are non-violently aggressive against the racial laws, but they are definitely not anti-white, because so many of them have a stake in the continuation of the western way of life here. The whole purpose of their agitation is to achieve equality with the dominant white group, and to participate in the decisions that govern their lives and properties. There are some communists amongst their supporters, attracted to communism as a reaction to the colour bar.

Things look very dark just now for the Indian. By temperament and training he does not like violence. He has been trying to persuade the African to keep to the path of non-violence, and the 1952 Defiance

Campaign called by the African National Congress was conducted along non-violent lines. But one cannot be sure whether the African, who carries a heavier burden than the Indian, would be able to contain himself. I do not think the present policy of *apartheid* will succeed because it is much too late, too costly, its hypothetical benefits to the African too remote, and because it really perpetuates white supremacy. We can appreciate the fears and anxieties of the white minority, but a gradual approach to sharing life in a common society is the only wise alternative. The Indian minority, after all, has come much closer than the European ever will to the nightmare of engulfment by another and different race, and we know that the end may not be so terrible after all when the standards of living and the cultural values of the different racial groups converge. Being so much closer, we also know that something must be done soon to remove the fears which strangle African advancement, and which thereby endanger the lives of us all.

—*Third Programme*



A national institution with total assets of £237,000,000

ABBEX NATIONAL

announce

Share Interest Rate
INCREASED TO
from 1st October

3 1/2%

Income Tax Paid

All money invested in Abbey National Share Accounts will bear with effect from 1st October 1956 the increased rate of 3½ per cent per annum, *income tax paid* by the Society. This is equivalent to **£6.1.9** per cent when income tax is paid at the standard rate.

The rate of interest on ordinary Deposit Accounts will be increased to 3 per cent per annum, income tax paid, equivalent to £5.4.4 per cent where the standard rate of income tax is paid. Any sum from £1 to £5,000 is accepted; money may be withdrawn at convenient notice. Ask today for details at your nearest Abbey National Office, or write direct to the address below for the Society's Investment Booklet.

ABBEX NATIONAL BUILDING SOCIETY

Member of the Building Societies Association.

ABBEX HOUSE · BAKER ST · LONDON, N.W.1 · Tel: WELbeck 8282

Branch and other offices throughout the United Kingdom:
see local directory for address of nearest office

I really
must fly



metropolitan

THE NEWEST AIRLINER IN EUROPEAN SERVICE

Swissair are flying regular METROPOLITAN tourist services:—

MANCHESTER—ZURICH now
LONDON—GENEVA soon
LONDON—BASLE

The METROPOLITAN—the newest, quietest, most comfortable airliner in European service—introduces a completely new standard of Tourist flying with:

- * Only two seats a side for greater comfort
- * Quiet flying—new soundproofing system
- * Nose Radar which enables the pilot to miss bad weather
- * Refrigerator in the galley and wonderful Swissair service
- * Telescopic passenger steps—no waiting when you land

Yes, this is the way to travel! You really must fly—METROPOLITAN!

Ask your Travel Agent for details

SWISSAIR

EUROPE · MIDDLE EAST · USA · SOUTH AMERICA

Offices in: LONDON, MANCHESTER, GLASGOW, BIRMINGHAM, DUBLIN

Letters to the Editor

Were Our Sacrifices in Vain?

Sir,—Under this title Sir Llewellyn Woodward said: 'As long as others spend money on these new instruments of war, we must do so'. In view of the fact that the atomic bomb originated in and has hitherto been used only by the West, a truer perspective would surely have been shown had that sentence read: 'As long as we spend money on these new instruments of war, others will feel they must do so'. Later he called for 'a little more bumpiousness about the universe and our own place in it'. Again in view of the part the West has played in the development and use of these new instruments of war, would not a little less bumpiousness be appreciated by others who feel that they too are entitled to a place in the universe?

Yours, etc.,

Glasgow, S.4

W. S. CORMACK

St. Peter's Denial of Christ

Sir,—I cannot agree with Mr. Henson about the 'evidence' in the Gospels that Peter's act of denial was performed 'under orders'. As Professor Burnaby brings out clearly in his letter the denial was, according to the Gospel account, not a denial that Jesus was the Christ (or a refusal to say that He was) but a simple denial that he 'knew the man'.

And why, anyway, should the carrying out of orders, if that was what he was doing, have so upset Peter? It certainly seems to me more natural to think of Peter's weeping as having come from a realisation that he had let Jesus down than from a conviction that, on the contrary, he hadn't let Him down but had done exactly what had been asked of him. (I have not forgotten that Mr. Henson does try to make a place for the weeping in his interpretation.)

In my previous letter I chose to bring out an implication of Mr. Henson's talk (*THE LISTENER*, August 23) rather than to discuss the texts. Like him I think that Peter was 'an undeniably great man'. But Peter was great in spite of his faults, which were universal human faults; and I do not think there is any need to explain those faults away. I would accept Mr. Henson's suggestion that I prefer 'to believe the worst of everybody on . . . *a priori* grounds of "human insufficiency"'; though I might express it a little differently. But is not Mr. Henson himself perhaps looking for 'evidence' to support an equally *a priori* conviction that everybody is fundamentally good, and human insufficiency not to be taken seriously? This is the deeper issue raised by his account of Peter's denial of Jesus. Which of us is right on this issue is something not easily to be settled by argument.—Yours, etc.,

Bangor

THOMAS MCPHERSON

Sir,—It does seem to be a pity that those who discuss Peter's denial completely overlook the fact that, apart from John, Peter seems to have been the only disciple who was near enough to his Master to do any denying (or confessing, for that matter). The others had 'all forsaken Him and fled' hours before. But 'Peter followed afar off, to see the end'.

Let those who point the finger of scorn at Peter consider all that is implied in those eight words. They reveal in a flash Peter's steadfast loyalty throughout that awful night. We must remember that even John was not directly challenged, as Peter was. If Peter's nerve failed him at the critical moment, as well it might on a bitter April morning after a night of terror, he at least made a better effort than any of his col-

leagues to be loyal and brave. And yet he it is who is singled out as *the* disciple who denied his Master!—Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.27

H. H. HOBBS

On the Autobahn

Sir,—According to your Bonn correspondent, statistics show that for each accident on an autobahn there are three on an ordinary road carrying the same amount of traffic. I would point out that a fair comparison would be one between accidents involving motor vehicles only because pedestrians and cyclists are not allowed on the autobahns. It is doubtful if on this basis the autobahns would show as good a record as the ordinary roads, certainly not for accidents causing death or serious injury.

The autobahns are indirectly a threat to safety on ordinary roads because drivers leaving the autobahns to revert to ordinary roads do not immediately realise that different driving standards are necessary—much less speed and keen vigilance for cyclists and pedestrians, as well as for cross traffic at junctions, and greater care when overtaking on a road without a dual carriageway. It is not correct to say that the remedy of the German authorities for the mounting toll of road casualties is more autobahns. They may consider more autobahns are justified to meet the demands of transport but not as one of the main methods for reducing the number of accidents.

The Committee of Transport of the German Bundestag has recently recommended a speed limit for private cars on the autobahns of 62 m.p.h. and on other roads of 50 m.p.h. with lower limits for commercial vehicles. More police patrols are also being considered to check dangerous driving and for the better enforcement of the law.—Yours, etc.,

London, E.C.4

T. C. FOLEY

Secretary,

The Pedestrians' Association for Road Safety

Warden of the Forest

Sir,—Having served my Army service under those spreading beeches, I am interested to know (a) If this Forest has now been released from W.D. control, and (b) Can one roam beneath such splendour today?

It grieved me to see those earthen paths being laid with tarmac in 1940 and Grand Avenue lined with evil objects of war.

Yours, etc.,

Wrexham

J. BEATTIE

Pygmalion's Frenzy

Sir,—I much enjoyed Mr. Randolph Quirk's talk on spoken English (*THE LISTENER*, August 30). He is right in emphasising that clarity of thought is of the essence of the problem in language. Lest it should be lost, I must give you a further example. Some friends of mine in Jamaica had a puncture. Going up to a rather old-fashioned garage, they asked a small boy whether his father mended tyres. To which they got the somewhat remarkable answer: "E don't does 'em but sometimes 'as 'em did".

Thoughts of crystal clarity, but lacking perhaps, however, in syntax and grammar.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

BRABAZON OF TARA

Sir,—I once overheard the following—'If 'e 'adn't 've gone 'e wouldn't a went'. However indifferent the grammar and pronunciation, the argument surely was irrefragable.

Yours, etc.,

Mickleham

F. FAIRF SMITH

G. K. Chesterton

Sir,—Assuming that we are all concerned with the same event, I believe that the occasion at issue is Chesterton's address to the I.D.K. Club in Cambridge. His talk and the subsequent letters, which originally appeared in *The Cambridge Review*, have been published by W. Heffer and Sons, Ltd., 1935.

There is no indication in this published account that Chesterton believed (as Coulton, quoted by Mr. Harold Binns, asserted in his essay) that 'a questioner in a university town was his inferior on the ground of medieval history'. On the contrary, Chesterton pointed out that he knew much less about history than Coulton did—but added, revealing the inevitable paradox, 'it is precisely because I am so much less learned than he is that it is my privilege to lead him through common ways, pointing out elephants and other enormous objects'.

Although I do not wholly subscribe to Chesterton's views, the published correspondence leads me to believe that the quoted extract of Coulton's essay is not entirely unbiased, and that Chesterton lost neither his temper nor the argument.—Yours, etc.,

Alberta, Canada

J. GORDON PARR

Sir,—Dr. G. G. Coulton, although one of the great scholars of the Middle Ages, had a strong anti-Catholic bias. He used his profundity of knowledge to propagate rather than to elucidate, taking a delight in confounding the novitiate with historical anachronisms to prove that two and two make five. Those of us who studied under him were stimulated by his dialectic but suspected the answer was wrong. Dr. Coulton was a modern Don Quixote, riding round Cambridge on his bone-shaker, tilting at ecclesiastical windmills—for erudition, the points are his, but for judgement, give me Chesterton.

Yours, etc.,

Tilty, Dunmow

HUGH CUTHBERTSON

'William Hale White (Mark Rutherford)'

Sir,—I am sorry if I have distressed Mr. Maxwell; but I assure him that I did read the book I reviewed. I regret if I attributed to Dr. Stock an opinion of Professor Trilling's which he does not share; but I assumed, possibly wrongly, that he agreed with his introducer. Both the learning of Virgil and the prohibition of Church and Sunday School are mentioned in the same passage, describing Hale White's strictness with his children. My criticism of the paragraph of 'peculiar and moving beauty' related to its abrupt shorthand, not to its position in the book. Of *Pages from a Journal*, Dr. Stock writes: 'One reads his novels and puts them aside for a time, but the *Pages from a Journal* belong on one's desk or near one's bed'. I submit that this indicates 'particular' appreciation of that work, which also rates some score of references in the index.

YOUR REVIEWER

Little Superstitions

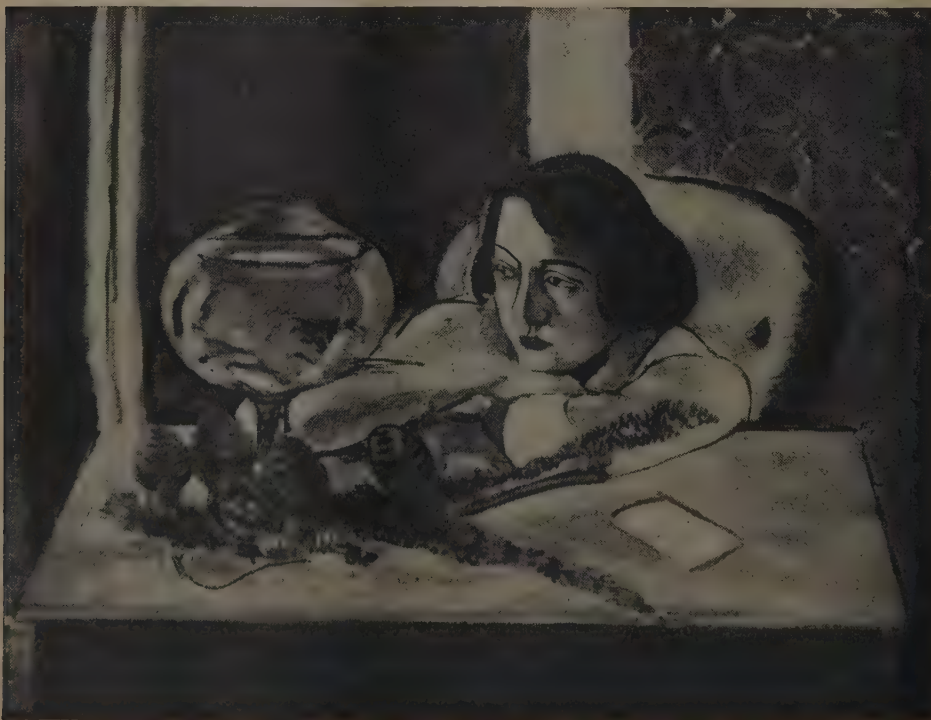
Sir,—In the Old Testament narrative of the raising from the dead of the Shunamite's child (2 Kings 4), we are told that 'the child sneezed seven times and opened his eyes'. Here we have the precise opposite of the implication that 'the person who sneezed was likely shortly to die'. The 'blessing of the sneeze' may suggest a renewal of the vital breath. But Montaigne had something to say about it (*Essays*, bk V. chap 6).

Yours, etc.,

Sutton Coldfield

G. O. GRIFFITH

Henri Matisse in Paris



A retrospective exhibition of the works of Henri Matisse is on view in the Musée Nationale d'Art Moderne in Paris until November 18. The three pictures reproduced here are drawn from three periods of his life. Above, left, 'Carmelina' (1901); above, 'Nu debout devant la cheminée' (1937); left, 'Femme devant un aquarium' (1921). They indicate three different ways in which Matisse approached his model in his long search to express a feeling of unity and calm in all things.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Story of the Guards Armoured Division. By Captain the Earl of Rosse and Colonel E. R. Hill. Bles. 25s.

THE OFFICIAL HISTORY of the Guards Armoured Division appears relatively late, but not too late to be assured of a welcome. The idea of the Guards in armour created wide interest when the formation of the division was made public. This was reinforced by the splendour of its combatant career from Lower Normandy to the Elbe. Few knew the constitution of an armoured division at the time or how it was adapted to the tactical demands of the country, with the result that few realised how high was the proportion of infantry or how big a part it played. The speciality of the Guards Armoured Division was the fusion of the efforts of tanks, infantry, and artillery. There were of course many elements in the division, R.A., R.E., R. Signals, R.A.S.C., R.A.M.C., R.A.O.C., and R.E.M.E., not composed of guardsmen.

The preface reveals differences in the unit and formation records of the first and second world wars which must have made the task of re-creating the operations of the Guards Armoured Division more difficult than in the case of its illustrious predecessor, the Guards Division. Probably because the later war was so much more one of movement than the earlier and troops were so much more widely spread, less reliance can be placed on war diaries. Historians use special narratives to a greater extent. Personal records and diaries, always valuable, have become even more so. It is often impossible to reproduce movement and manoeuvre with such exactitude.

This account, in which Lord Rosse has clearly acted as the historian and Colonel Hill as the expert adviser, is well written. It is always spirited and smooth, but it avoids superlatives and the melodramatic. It will recall events and scenes vividly for participants and indeed for all who served in this theatre. But it has insufficient background to do the same for a later generation, as the best historical literature does. There can hardly be said to be maps in the real sense: just five outline sketches. These sometimes fail to show a feature such as a canal described as an obstacle, and the reader may be left in doubt of its course. A road never appears; nor is there a single indication of the movement of troops, except a line of arrow-heads on one sketch which, in the space of a page, covers the ground from Bayeux to Cuxhaven, nearly 550 miles. If it be argued that the movements of armoured forces are impossible to set on paper, his answer must be that it has been done in other books.

Like many divisions going into battle for the first time, the Guards Armoured did not find that things went as expected. It was unlucky in that those affairs round Caen were extremely difficult. If faults there were, they were probably not confined to the division. It was never afterwards held up for long, except in that last vital phase of its effort to get through to Arnhem. It certainly gave of its best on that occasion. One must heartily admire the persistence and resource with which it sought and found new lines of advance whenever the way was found to be strongly blocked. In this it was greatly assisted by the daring and brilliant reconnaissance of the Household Cavalry in its armoured cars. These acts of by-passing obstacles, often involving temporary abandonment of the supply line, were employed even more boldly in the last phase, after the passage of the Rhine. By then the

Germans were disorganised and had lost their mobility. On the other hand, the phase of closing on the Rhine involved just about the stiffest fighting of the campaign.

The losses suffered by the division in various battles and actions are given, but the total cannot be found. It must have been high in proportion to the size of an armoured division and the length of time during which this was actively engaged. Some commentators have asserted that the small number of British casualties by comparison with the first world war were due to better generalship. Perhaps it was rather because we were thrice thrown out of continental Europe. Neither the Russians nor the Germans found the war inexpensive in lives. When we and the Americans were fighting hard on land both lost heavily. The Guards Armoured was a 'follow-up' division in the landing in the Bay of the Seine but nearly always in the thick of the fight thereafter. The cost was high, and, in this type of warfare, in officers especially.

'A happy, adventurous, and brave team', is how its popular and efficient commander, Major-General Sir Allan Adare, describes his division. This aspect emerges from the narrative. The reviewer can recall how impressive it was to meet a group of those young officers who, when they had a few days' relaxation from their toils, refused to take the war too seriously, and never took themselves too seriously.

The Pen in Exile—II

Edited by Paul Tabori.

International P.E.N. 12s. 6d. cloth: 9s. 6d. paper.

This second anthology of writers in exile contains a wide variety of matter grouped under the general headings of essays, poetry, and short stories; and the contributors are drawn from almost every country behind the Iron Curtain—ranging from the ex-President of the Chinese National Farmers' Association to 'the greatest Estonian poetess'. Perhaps the majority come from the three small Baltic states whose tragic fate is so seldom discussed across the conference-tables of the world. Mr. Tabori is not out to field a star eleven:

You will find no great international names in our second anthology. With one or two exceptions, I have chosen writers who have had little chance of presenting themselves in English to the Western world.

he states in his preface; and eloquently points out that

It is difficult for any member of a large national and linguistic community to understand the plight of any writer imprisoned in the narrow cell of a small language. Even when he lives and writes in his own country there is a sense of claustrophobia. When he is an exile and his readers are reduced to a handful, the cell becomes an Iron Maiden.

Not unnaturally, therefore, the standard of contributions is somewhat uneven. Poetry in translation relies even more on the abilities of the translator than on those of the original creator, and few of the poets seem to have been very fortunate in their interpreters. They also read, for the most part, in a strangely old-fashioned way—Latvia and Hungary seem still to be in the toils of the *fin-de-siècle*. The short stories are more accessible: many of the experiences described seem strange, and the writers' attitudes to these experiences stranger still (most of these tales are more or less autobiographical

in content), and most of the backward-looking tales are invested with an air of nightmare irrelevance to the contemporary English scene; but the communication, though clearly partial, is nevertheless valid so far as it goes. Most readers, however, will probably find the collection of essays the most rewarding. The conveying of opinion and information sets up fewer barriers than the exercise of haunted imagination, and the essayists seem to have more successfully come to terms with the conditions of their exile than their companions. And, as Mr. Tabori would surely agree, one object of such a collection as the present is that its contributors should be helped thereby to lose the status of exile, to put out new roots rather than mourn for a lifetime over the loss of the old. It is to be hoped that the *Pen in Exile* series will eventually, in a happier world, find itself obliged to close down for lack of suitable contributions.

Heinrich Heine. The Artist in Revolt

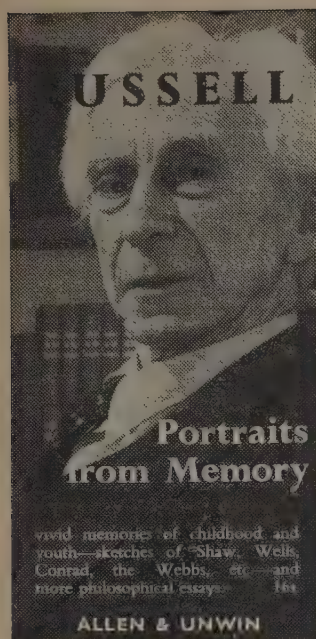
By Max Brod. Vallentine, Mitchell. 30s.

Heinrich Heine. Two Studies of his Thought and Feeling

By William Rose. Oxford. 18s.

Since the time when George Eliot and Matthew Arnold wrote their essays on him, Heine has been best known in this country, as indeed elsewhere, on account of his youthful writings—the lyrical poetry of the *Buch der Lieder* and the prose sketch of *Die Harzreise*. The poet's ambivalent love-hatred for romanticism, his complex irony and unsparing satire, his incalculable leaps from emotional fervour to wit, his subjectivity revealing itself both in self-deprecation and arrogance, are the features of Heine's personality which are most clearly revealed in his earlier work. These qualities remained with Heine throughout his life, but became broadened and deepened by his experiences in Paris after 1831, when he was for some years intimately concerned with the fostering of a better understanding between French and Germans in the realm of thought and literature, until in the last eight years of his life, bedridden and mortally sick, he wrote verse of a unique poignancy and visionary intentness.

Taxing demands are made of the critic who sets out to appraise the puzzlingly elusive and only apparently obvious nature of Heine's mind and art. Professor William Rose's valuable book leaves aside the direct examination of Heine's poetry (a task felicitously accomplished by Professor Barker Fairley in his *Heinrich Heine: An Interpretation* a couple of years ago), in order to present these studies of his political and social attitude and of his Jewish feeling. Professor Rose writes judiciously, argues tautly and concisely and illustrates his arguments with scholarly aptitude. He traces Heine's concern for the cause of freedom from his childhood days in Düsseldorf, when he first admired Napoleon, and shows the nature of the poet's middle-of-the-road liberalism which was most at home in the bourgeois monarchy of Louis Philippe and which distrusted both the reactionary conservatism of a hereditary aristocracy and the materialistic levelling-down of proletarian revolution. Heine saw the revolutionary spirit as something intrinsically hostile to the flourishing of the arts, fascinating as it might be in other respects: 'It is only with fear and horror that I think of the time when these sinister iconoclasts will come to power; with their horny



*Translated from the
Old Icelandic*

NJAL'S SAGA

C. F. Bayerschmidt

L. M. Hollander

This best known and best loved of the medieval Icelandic sagas is an example of perfection reached in the art of story-telling. No other saga offers so many stirring scenes, such a gallery of memorable personages subtly yet dramatically portrayed. 30s.

EDUCATION IN NEW INDIA

Humayan Kabir

The secretary and educational adviser to the Government of India describes the tremendous attempts at reconstruction and expansion which have transformed Indian education during the last eight or nine years. 21s.

ALLEN & UNWIN

An Historian's Approach to Religion

ARNOLD TOYNBEE

This book is 'about the glimpse that we get of the Universe when we look at it from an historian's point of view'. Dr Toynbee chose the subject, he says, 'because, in my own life, I had reached a point at which the question "What is our attitude towards Religion?" was calling for an answer too insistently for me to ignore it any longer.' No reader of *A Study of History* should neglect this complementary volume. 'This stimulating, learned, and sincere book is a notable contribution to the great debate on the nature and future of religion,' Dr W. R. Matthews, Dean of St. Paul's in the *DAILY TELEGRAPH* 21s. net

Thomas Mann

The Mediation of Art

R. HINTON THOMAS

No novelist in the German language has been so widely read in this country as Thomas Mann. Built round a series of detailed discussions of his main works, this book aims at a concise analysis and estimate of his achievement. 25s. net 20 SEPTEMBER

William Blake's 'Vala'

Blake's Numbered Text

Edited by H. M. MARGOLIOUTH

Blake numbered the lines of each 'Night' of *Vala*, but later made many changes and added about 900 lines of new material. Some additions are in a different idiom, and their content breaks the unity of the poem. This edition presents the coherent poem which *Vala* originally was. Illustrated 42s. net

Making, Knowing and Judging

W. H. AUDEN

This is the complete text of Professor Auden's Inaugural Lecture delivered before the University of Oxford in June this year. Paper cover 2s. 6d. net

Family and Neighbourhood

Two Studies in Oxford

J. M. MOGEY

The author examines an obsolescent housing area and a new housing estate in Oxford and contrasts the behaviour and attitudes of the people living in them. The results of his inquiries challenge many widely held opinions about the harmony of life in a slum and about the quality of family living in our new housing estates. Illustrated 30s. net

Trade Unions

ERIC L. WIGHAM

As Labour Correspondent of *The Times*, Mr Wigham has acquired an intimate knowledge of the Unions, and he has written a careful and thoroughly informative book which provides a sound introduction to the subject. HOME UNIVERSITY LIBRARY 7s. 6d. net 20 SEPTEMBER



OXFORD
UNIVERSITY
PRESS

MAXIM GORKY

An early masterpiece

FOMA GORDEYEV

A powerful story of a young man's struggle against his environment—the dissolute, unscrupulous mercantile society of the Volga at the turn of the century.

264 pages

12s. 6d.

LAWRENCE & WISHART

Virgin Soil Upturned

Did you know that Mikhail Sholokhov is now writing a sequel to his famous book? The first chapters to this new and important work were published in a recent issue of

SOVIET LITERATURE

the magazine of new writing and the arts published monthly in English. Every issue of the magazine contains nearly 200 pages of fiction writing, plays, poetry, criticism and art plates.

1s. 6d. a copy (postage 6d.)

or 12s. 6d. a year from

Collet's Bookshops

45 Museum Street, London, W.C.1

how
to
write
and
sell

free

Send now for the folder, 'What In It For You'

THE WRITER, 124, IV
Bond Street, London, W.

Write after reading
The Writer—and so

hands they will shatter without mercy the marble statues of beauty that are so dear to my heart; and, alas! my *Buch der Lieder* will be used by the grocer to make paper bags in which to wrap coffee or snuff for the old women of the future? But, Heine continues, perhaps this is as it should be.

Both Professor Rose and Dr. Max Brod lay stress on the importance of Heine's Jewish background for the development of his character and outlook. Dr. Brod gives a detailed picture of the social and cultural position of the Jews in Heine's lifetime, and sees the basic cause of Heine's unease in the plight of the Jewish people who were without a nation of their own and were perplexed by the undermining of their religious orthodoxy through the thought of the age of enlightenment. Dr. Brod's biography gives a sympathetic and humane portrait of Heine, but has a rambling structure and a lack of precision (this latter may be in part attributed to the shortcomings of the translation) which makes its total impact on the reader less forceful than it might otherwise have been. Heine remained aloof from institutional religion, whether Christian or Judaic, until the end, but in his last years he made repeated affirmations of a return to religious faith. Professor Rose shows this clearly in his exposition of Heine's philosophical and religious views and their roots in Jewish traditions. He quotes from a letter of 1850: 'In my religious views and thoughts too a February Revolution has taken place... I have abandoned the Hegelian God, or rather the Hegelian godlessness, and in its place I have restored the dogma of a real, personal God existing outside nature and the human mind'. The Bible, not pantheism or Saint-Simonism, was the rock to which the 'shipwrecked metaphysician' clung.

Right Word, Wrong Word. A Book of Synonyms with Explanations. By V. H. Collins. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

In the ideal republic', Professor Weekley has said, 'he who... made a practice of using words without understanding them would be expelled from the community as an undesirable citizen'. Mr. Collins has laboured long and diligently to give his fellow-citizens no excuse for incurring this reproach. In this book, the last of a trilogy, he brings to a total of over a thousand the groups of near-synonyms he has selected for discrimination. He has accomplished his ambitious project with industry and judgement; he makes his points tersely and lucidly, and he is broad-minded enough to give a welcome to new words, even though they come from America, if he thinks them useful additions to our vocabulary.

Still, the reader will put down the book with some questionings. Mr. Collins has been getting near the bottom of the barrel, and some of the scrapings were hardly worth bringing up. Advice about what to call one's wife when talking of her to a friend belongs less to the field of philology than to that branch of sociology which Professor Alan Ross and Miss Nancy Mitford have made their own. A dictum that any creature except a human being must always be called *it* unless emphasis is laid on its sex will come as a surprise to farmers and the owners of horses and dogs. Occasionally, in his praiseworthy efforts to pin-point the meanings of words, Mr. Collins seems to set too much store by etymology and logic, of both of which idiom is notoriously contemptuous. *Certain*, he says, must be used only in the sense of *sure*. It is undeniably illogical to treat the word as meaning *uncertain*, but Mr. Churchill, when in 1914 he spoke of 'a certain liveliness in the North Sea', used words more effectively than if he had

said *some*. Mr. Collins would not have us employ such words as *incredible*, *unthinkable*, and *intolerable* of things which are in fact believed, thought of, or borne. *Excellent*, he says being a word of absolute meaning, does not admit of a comparative or superlative. But we should have been the poorer if, because of Falstaff's exceptional capacity for tolerating sack, Prince Henry had forgone his comment that two gallons was an intolerable deal of it to go with one halfpennyworth of bread, or if linguistic pedantry had prevented Hamlet from apostrophising this most excellent canopy the air. Words often stray from their original meanings usefully, lending colour, subtlety, and flexibility to the language. But it is true also that many are doing so mischievously, usurping the rights of their betters, and Mr. Collins' attempt to keep them in their proper places deserves a general welcome, even though his rulings may not all command general assent.

The Stumbling Block

By François Mauriac.

Translated by Gerard Hopkins.

The Harvill Press. 9s. 6d.

La Pierre d'Achoppement belongs to a Mauriac of whom we have heard little in England, and on this count alone Mr. Gerard Hopkins' translation is welcome. We are familiar with the novelist whose *oeuvre* has achieved a recognisable shape in our minds, and we have imagined that its author, Academician and Nobel prize-winner, now reclines, like Paul Bourget, against the accepted glory of his collected works. Nothing of the sort has happened; the Nobel award, far from being a signal of reassurance to the *bien-pensants*, was the occasion, if not the cause, for renewed vigour and a change of direction. Mauriac has thrust himself with passionate nonconformity into the controversies which tear at the heart of post-war France. He has become as disturbing as was Gide to an earlier generation, and has entered the French tradition of moralists and directors of conscience at that point where one had imagined the younger Malraux would take over. Journalist, polemicist, Mauriac has plunged into the imbroglio of North Africa, and the young have deserted the corridors of *La Musée Imaginaire* to listen to this insinuating voice.

There is a link, however, between the old novelist and the new journalist. As the novels enlarged their scope it became evident that Mauriac was increasingly preoccupied with the figure of the Pharisee, the hypocrite. His style, like a shadowed pool, refracted a disquiet which had its origin not only in the antinomies of flesh and spirit but also in the exasperation with which a deeply engaged Catholic must watch the velleities and turpitudes of Catholics. But before he could dare to speak of these things he had to look into his own heart and probe the *Tartufferies* he found there. This is the theme of *The Stumbling Block*, written as long ago as 1948. It is the bridge which Mauriac had to cross before he could achieve his present freedom.

Mauriac does not scream like Bloy, nor thunder like Bernanos. He writes with a ceremonious acerbity of the Marian cults, or raps out such comments as: 'Many professed religious attached to certain Abbeys would be amazed if they were told that their mental attitude is not so very different from that to be observed among the members of the Jockey Club'. Yet sometimes the writing *en grande tenue* has a professionalism which is distasteful, as if prestige had earned the right to say such things. It is when he recalls his childhood and youth that we sense the mysterious person behind the public façade. 'My irreligious father', he

confesses, 'and my mother who was a fervent Catholic have always been at odds with one another in me. I have always been conscious of a leaning towards, a tenderness for, all that my father fought against, and; at times, of sharp spasms of anger against everything loved and respected by my mother'. Again: 'In my adolescent years I made God the accomplice of my cowardice...'. It is because Mauriac has become intimate with the face behind the mask that we can trust him when he speaks out as, at this moment, the conscience of a nation before the future of Algeria.

Introduction to Astronomy

By Cecilia Payne-Gaposchkin.

Eyre and Spottiswoode. 50s.

The Planet Venus

By Patrick Moore. Faber. 15s.

Mrs. Payne-Gaposchkin is chairman of the famous department of Astronomy at Harvard University. Her book is comprehensive and authoritative, yet readable in the best American style. For many years now the United States has led the world in astronomy because she has been able to afford the construction and operation of big observatories. The growth of amateur interest in astronomy has also been of great importance. The native talent for mechanics has found an outlet in the construction of thousands of back-garden observatories in which work of the most varied quality, from the primitive to the sophisticated, is carried out. Consequently, there is a large body of informed and experienced astronomical opinion, and it is one of the few cultural developments in that country which is not coloured by commercial motives. For these reasons, books on astronomy are among the most distinguished features of American civilisation.

Dr. Payne-Gaposchkin's volume is an excellent example in this tradition. In her early chapters she has illustrated the place of astronomy in ancient society by an unusually wide range of quotation from the poets. Venus is the only planet mentioned by Homer, and he probably did not know she appeared both as the Morning and the Evening Star. Long before his time, the astronomers of the valley of the Euphrates had invented the seven-day week, the number of hours in the day and degrees in angles, and had made extensive calculations of the positions of sun, moon, and planets in the sky. The names of the days which we still use are derived from the Babylonian planetary gods. There is also a fuller account than usual of the history of the calendar, showing the numerous compromises in its calculation which were enforced by the needs of daily life.

Dr. Payne-Gaposchkin gives a concise account of the methods and instruments of modern astronomy, and the physical theories which it utilises in explaining the composition and properties of the planets and stars. Her description of the stellar universe is longer than usual in proportion to that of the solar system, which she justifies by remarking that it is so much bigger.

As befits a Harvard astronomer, her accounts of the numbers and systems of the stars, their arrangement in galaxies, and distribution in space is particularly good. She mentions the speculative theories about the origin and evolution of the stars and stellar systems, but, as an observational astronomer, comments on them critically and soberly. She conveys a strong impression of the quantity and variety of fact accumulated by modern astronomy, and the partial and uncertain truth of most of the majestic generalisations which have been proposed to fit them into a coherent picture. Her

book is truly an introduction to modern astronomy. It is an admirable textbook and library work of reference.

Mr. Patrick Moore's *The Planet Venus* is of quite a different character. It is a readable account of the little that is known about the

composition and conditions of this planet. Venus is continually enveloped in almost featureless cloud, so that even her rotation is difficult to observe and measure. The constitution of her atmosphere is still uncertain. A few years ago a book on so many uncertainties

would scarcely have seemed necessary, but today there are many prospective space-travellers who are anxious to learn the smallest details about the various planets they hope to visit. They will be able to add yet another handbook to their library of references on the Solar System.

New Novels

The Towers of Trebizond. By Rose Macaulay. Collins. 13s. 6d.

The Red Priest. By Wyndham Lewis. Methuen. 15s.

Some Darling Folly. By Monica Stirling. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

The Very Man. By Stanley Kauffmann. Secker and Warburg. 15s.

THE *Towers of Trebizond* may have been conceived as a pleasantly fluid polychrome of impressions, people and places, held together by one dominant but not oppressively intrusive idea. One can imagine that many writers, sick of conventional forms, have dreamed of such a novel. The danger that threatens such a conception is that the result will be not a mixture but a miscellany. If it is fiction there will not be much story; if it is autobiography there will be no freedom of imagination; if there is too much fact the reader loses the idea. This reader of Miss Macaulay's book confesses that he was completely bored by about page fifty, which is to say confused by the medley of travelogue, faint-fiction and ideas. The novel, in any sense, never seemed to be about to begin, and in no sense does it ever begin.

However, if we persist, the boredom will slowly, though not completely, evaporate. We will reconcile ourselves to a highly idiosyncratic blend of serious essay-stuff, well-informed travelogue, and what might be called light-revue in prose. We will then float on, drowsily, as in a summer punt, more or less contentedly, looking down at what seem to be deep comments on such earnest matters as the history and/or growing corruption of the Christian idea; sliding past and over them more or less attentively, and more likely less than more, not because they are not suggestive, possibly important, but because we may well feel, a little crossly, that they ought to be in some other book, and that we will return to them later after we have read the novel proper. If this should suggest *South Wind*, or *Marius*, or some *récit* by Gide, it has to be said that no such comparison is possible. This 'novel' is utterly devoid of human interest. I am afraid I have to say—using an old-fashioned word—that it is all rather Bloomsbury, clique-ish, hothouse, and self-consciously straining to appear unself-conscious, whimsical, and unliterary.

The framework is that of a group of mildly eccentric people who set off for Turkey to convert the heathen to High Anglicanism. Two of them presently slip over the border into Soviet Russia and, very much to our relief, are not seen again until the end of the book. A third drops out and we are left with the narrator, a young woman named Laurie, niece of the eccentric lady who has gone to Russia. Laurie is not very bright; she writes the book in the goofy style of *The Young Visitors* until the author wants to say something learned, perceptive, or intelligent—and she has many such things to say—about Roman Catholicism or adultery, whereupon Laurie begins to write remarkably like Miss Rose Macaulay. The thinnest of thin story-lines looms faintly out of the travelogue with a reference to her lover Vere; and then Trebizond suddenly and irrelevantly shines out as a magically symbolic City of God without an iota of logical (i.e., emotional) justification in Laurie's character.

Between sleeping and waking there rose before me a vision of Trebizond: not Trebizond as I

had seen it, but the Trebizond of the world's dreams, of my own dreams, shining towers and domes shimmering on a far horizon, yet close at hand, luminously enspelled in the most fantastic unreality, yet the only reality, a walled and gated city magic and mystical, standing beyond my reach, yet I had to be inside, an alien wanderer yet at home, held in the magical enchantment; and at its heart, at the secret heart of the city and the legend and the glory in which I was caught and held, there was some pattern I could not unravel, some hard core that I could not make my own, and, seeing the pattern and the hard core enshrined within the walls, I turned back from the city and stood outside it, expelled in mortal grief.

Such a passage postulates a person of a very special type of sensibility, an intense and earnest seeker. As it stands it is like a *cadenza*, flung into the air irrelevantly. Miss Macaulay once wrote of the 'lushness' of *Brideshead Revisited*, not without some justification. I should love to hear Mr. Evelyn Waugh on Laurie's 'enspelled' vision of the true Anglican spirit on the shores of the Black Sea. This novel which is not a novel is only for the most tolerant or the most snobbish readers of fiction. It is only proper to say that other readers have found it wholly enchanting.

Miss Macaulay's waywardness is as nothing compared with the waywardness, some will call it crassness, of Mr. Wyndham Lewis. I do not know when I enjoyed a book so much. But I must add that many others will probably think it like a sandwich of dog-biscuits, caviar, cream-cheese, brandy-butter, strawberry jam, mustard, and beach-gravel. I enjoyed it because I took it that Mr. Lewis meant it that way—as a sort of anti-literary satirical parody. If one takes it too seriously, not to speak of earnestly, one may well not be able to make head or tail of it.

I take *The Red Priest* to be a satire on what used to be called muscular Christianity. For here also we are dealing with Anglicanism, though certainly not over a Bloomsbury cocoa-samovar. Mr. Lewis has invented a great, muscular, boxing padre, a serio-comic bear of a man, a varsity Cro-Magnon type, with intense feelings, a furious temper, and a painfully arch sense of humour, who finds a practical example for his Church well east of Trebizond, in Soviet Russia. He loves publicity and enjoys shocking fashionable people. This odd card, named, it has to be admitted, Father Card, falls in love with a general's daughter, educated beyond herself, but nevertheless still full of spirit, semi-engaged to a handsome Guardsman. Card marries her, goes from extravagance to extravagance, always aiming at the headlines, kills a fellow-curate in a furious fist-cuffs, is gaoled, goes off to exorcise himself among the Eskimos, and is duly, indeed almost at once, murdered by them. All very high-spirited and jolly. His wife has two children, Basil Tertullian and Zero—the latter (last line) because 'she could see he would look like his terrible father; that he was fated to blast his way across time and space'.

The whole thing is the strangest and most grotesque blend of modern Restoration comedy,

now lapsing at times into pure Mrs. Henry Wood ('Arthur stood very erect and gazed back bravely at his own true-love'), the Shaw of *Cashel Byron's Profession*, and at its best the ironical humour of Forster's *Where Angels Fear to Tread*. Peculiar, unique, wayward, and enormously entertaining on several levels. Not easy to review; very easy to enjoy.

My goodness, what a chorus of praise Monica Stirling has kept on evoking from her admirers; 'Exquisitely written . . . Gaiety the heart and wit of the head . . . Delicacies . . . Scintillates . . . Charmingly appreciative of the old, and tender towards the world, and the wounds of the young . . . Gaiety and wit . . . Springtime grace . . . Wit, fun, humour, charm and tenderness. A water-colour painted by a master . . . An example of the roman novel of the future . . .'. And these are critics whom one sincerely admires (though not necessarily trusts): Miss Elizabeth Bowen, Rebecca West, Howard Spring, Hugh I'A Fausset, Virginia Garvin, Edith Shackleton, K. John. The reader will doubt no further. This must be a novel well worth reading! Is it? I should 'worth reading', feeling grumpy and grating, a regular old Harpagon, while saying so. If I am not more enthusiastic about a novel whose romanticism has titillated me most pleasantly, which simply seems to dance along, which has a persuasive picture of an actor, a difficult thing to achieve, and a touching picture of a young erring wife, both French—the scene is Paris domestic, Comédie Française, the law courts, Versailles, the Petit Trianon, the Rue du Louvre, Le Cid, the Champs Elysées' elegant restaurant—the reason for my refusal to succumb may well, I think, be sought in Miss Stirling's titles, *Some Darling Folly*, *Lovers Aren't Company*, *The Boy in Blue*, *Ladies with a Unicorn*. She is charming for grown-up life. And Remy, the actor, is not quite a grown man, and Sophie is certainly not an adult woman. On the other hand the novel is not delicate, passionate, or fantastical enough to be a Musset curtain-raiser—if, with so much about the Comédie, one may suggest the serious comparison. It lacks a sharpness of railery, but above all it does not have poignancy. I am sure all those critics I have mentioned qualified their praise on these lines, and if the reader would add their own praise to my cool qualifications he may find a good idea of the appeal of this otherwise delightfully entertaining fable of married life in jeopardy.

Utterly different, the Atlantic ocean apart, is *The Very Man*, in which a married industrial designer and his secretary keep on trying to decide whether or not they are suited to one another. It is a fascinating document of life among the Americans. The two discuss themselves with a frankness that one would have stripped sex of all trace of romance; yet somehow romance survives it all. The book says these characters are flesh and blood. There is no doubt about the flesh, anyway. Kinsey-level entertainment.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN

In a Great Tradition

a tribute to

Dame Laurentia McLachlan
Abbess of Stanbrook

In Bernard Shaw's words the late Abbess was 'an enclosed nun with an unenclosed mind.' In writing of her life and influence the Nuns of Stanbrook have provided a living picture of a remarkable woman who had an astonishing capacity for friendship. *Illustrated 25s net*

A Crackle of Thorns

Sir Alec Kirkbride, K.C.M.G.

A vivid mixture of biography and history, this book is of great topical importance. It is the essence of 40 years' experience in the Middle East, Jordan, Palestine, Syria and Libya. *Map and Illustrations 21s net*

Ghosts of the Rialto

Daniele Varè

Venice was the late Signor Varè's ancestral home and he surveys with great liveliness the pageant of the past. His ghosts are delightfully vivid and far from moribund.

Illustrated 21s net

Pioneers of Popular Education

Hugh M. Pollard, M.A., Ph.D.

An important study of the development of popular education between 1760 and 1850 on the Continent and in Great Britain. Mr. Pollard has given a fascinating and authoritative picture of inspired pioneer work. *28s net*

JOHN MURRAY



Wyndham Lewis: a new novel

THE RED PRIEST

'...currents of power, wilful, eccentric, individualistic, run through The Red Priest to the last page. A difficult, a challenging novel which wrestles with the mind of the reader, and will not let it go.' (*The Times*) **15s**

GEOFFREY BRERETON

An Introduction to the French Poets

Villon to the Present Day 'In his analysis of successive poets he has much to say about French poetry in general and the variations of public taste... Dr. Brereton's book brought me great pleasure.' (Harold Nicolson in *The Observer*) **25s**

HERMAN FINER

Governments of Greater European Powers

A major comparative survey of the governments of Great Britain, France, Soviet Russia and Germany, by the author of the widely used *The Theory and Practice of Modern Government*. **60s**

Methuen

RECENTLY
PUBLISHED

DAVID ATTENBOROUGH'S

vivid story of
the successful
T.V.-Zoo expedition

ZOO QUEST TO GUIANA

"A fascinating
and exciting story
of the
wild-life and
natives of the
region"—*Peter Scott*

50 PHOTOGRAPHS 5 IN COLOUR **18s**
PUBLISHED BY LUTTERWORTH PRESS

Learn French^{*} at home this winter

You hear, you understand, you speak

Make this a memorable winter by learning French, German, Spanish or any of 32 languages. You can do it easily and enjoyably in your own home by Linguaphone—the method which has taught over a million people all over the world.

Linguaphone records bring you the voices of distinguished speakers and professors while you follow their words in the illustrated textbook. You hear. You understand. You speak correctly as they do. It's like living in another country. In no time at all you have captured the genuine lilt and rhythm of the boulevard, café and place.

Linguaphone carries you by easy stages from the first slowly spoken

sentences to rapid conversation. You hear the everyday language in the circumstances you will encounter when you go abroad.

The course is complete for whatever purpose you have in mind—holidays abroad, business or examinations. You learn grammar, reading and writing as you go along. And you do it all in your own home at the time of your own choosing.

Send for Free 26-page book

Send today for Free 26-page book on Linguaphone. It also explains how you can test a Linguaphone Course in any language free in your own home for 7 days.

LINGUAPHONE for languages . . .

Name
(BLOCK CAPS)
Address

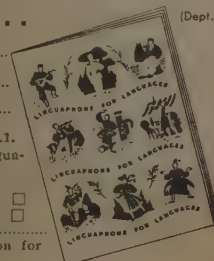
To the Linguaphone Institute (Dept. N.4),
Linguaphone House, 207 Regent Street, London, W.1.

Please send me, post free, your 26-page book about Linguaphone, and details of the Week's Free Trial Offer.

(I have/have not a gramophone.)

★ or any of 32 languages including: FRENCH ☐ ITALIAN ☐
GERMAN ☐ SPANISH ☐

Other language(s)
Put a cross against the language and give your reason for learning. Reason



(Dept. N.4)

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

No Spellbinders

TELEVISION'S TRIP into the interior last week was about as rewarding as one of those motor-coach 'mystery drives', from which no one was ever seen returning with the light of blissful amazement in his eye. Its *Radio Times* trailer had prepared us for an exceptional television experience:

'THE CHALLENGE OF TELEVISION'

Today there are Television Services in nearly forty countries. This film has as its theme the growth and power of this latest means of communication between men.

Written and supervised by
Paul Rotha

Produced by the B.B.C. in collaboration with Unesco, and with contributions from the Television Services of Belgium, Canada, Cuba, Denmark, France, Italy, Japan, Mexico, the Netherlands, Switzerland, the United Kingdom, the United Nations, U.S.A., and U.S.S.R.

See page 3

Dutifully, we did so. Page 3 was entirely taken up by Paul Rotha's explanation of how he and Henry Cassirer, a Unesco mass communications expert, had arrived at a formula for making 'The Challenge of Television' film and how they had then organised it into the advertised programme. A feat, obviously, of patient negotiation, involving transactions with more than thirty television services scattered about the globe. 'The Challenge of Television', Rotha told us, 'covers the medium from almost every point of view', including, it appeared in due course, the one you get by bending low and looking at the world from between your legs.

Never was there a greater occlusion of perspectives. Out of it was supposed to come signals of encouragement for the idea that television can help world understanding. They were lost in the proud, insufferable *montages* of sound and picture intended to demonstrate the spreading ubiquity of 'the medium', persistently so-called perhaps because of its fixation in the margins of mediocrity. In nearly five years' professional viewing, I have not seen a more irritating programme; certainly none that had more camera *clichés* per foot of film. The B.B.C.-Unesco partnership has given us some competent assessments of spectacular human problems, occasionally touching an excellence of production that makes its latest effort the more difficult to appreciate. What went wrong? One hesitates to pin the leather medal on Paul Rotha, but there is the printed citation: '—written and supervised by'. In all things pertaining to documentary or factual film, 'he knows, you know'. He has made contributions to film history. His standards are high. Is it possibly irksome to have to address one's talents to the Unesco classification of right-thinking people? Whatever the inhibitions, they wrought havoc with an idea that can bring little credit to B.B.C. television, whose imprimatur is graven deeply on the film.

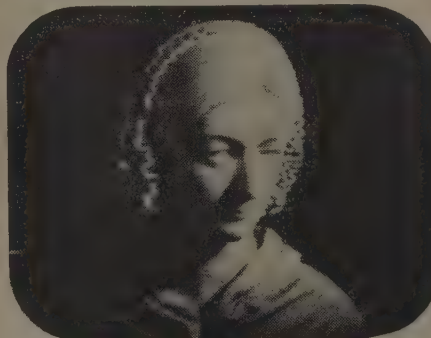
It utterly lacked inspiration. The background music, devised, it is true, for cinema audiences, was intolerable. The American commentary, spoken like Rip Van Winkle hardly come to, offered no compensation either of euphony or definition. 'Television should leave us more alert than it found us', said the voice chosen to speak for us television critics. This programme con-

firmed the B.B.C. researches announced at the British Association last week. It left us more inert than it found us.

Casualty, one wonders why British Association activities this year received less attention from television than in previous years; the change of emphasis was marked. 'Press Conference' was the focal point, so far as we viewers were considered. Professor Blackett, F.R.S., was up for questioning and the dominant theme was this country's lack of scientists, a need which one of them assures me will be the inspiration of Sir Winston Churchill's directive about the use of



As seen by the viewer: 'Show Place—Wilton House' on September 5. Below, a bust of Florence Nightingale in the house, which she often visited



John Cura

his Birthday Fund. Professor Blackett spoke for us, too, when at the close he said that he had expected a tougher time. Christopher Hollis was often inaudible. Ritchie Calder was too ponderous. Cyril Ray was not ponderous enough. Francis Williams was the main prop of a programme which missed its opportunity. We felt, decidedly, that the professor was game for a really testing half-hour.

Not every viewer would agree, for instance, that the output of opinion at the T.U.C. meetings at Brighton was a more intensely vital contribution to current thought than the deliberations of the scientists of the B.A. The Brighton speakers received the larger share of television notice, with effects on viewers, I suspect, not dissimilar to those registered by the American television public after the recent Conventions. 'Highlight', which now often surpasses the newscast in topical importance, put before us the boss of 'the biggest union', Mr. Frank Cousins, who spoke too fast for easy hearing and who, when he had done, left us

with the uncomfortable impression that laughter is not high in his scale of reflexes. For us sound folk, the T.U.C. produced no spellbinding and the pulpit performance of the Archbishop of Canterbury, at the dedication service before the conference, had a transcendent tone of quality which for many of us remained a memorable part of the televised proceedings.

The 'Show Place' series has given us many visual treats and the latest, 'Wilton House', was rich indeed in largesse for the cameras to see and pass back to our wondering eyes. With judicious promptings from Max Roberts, Lady Pembroke made the only possible guide to the splendours of a great family home. It was a pity, we thought, that the promptings required her to name the possible cash value of some of the picture masterpieces. How we would have cheered if she had said: 'Mind your own business!' There should be general consent to the proposition that the perfect-hostess code may be relaxed for these gaping public occasions.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Sorry Occasion

THE POWER of bad art to depreciate life is immense. More than the gentle rain which falls upon the place beneath all through your 'free day, or the rock-and-roll riots which exacerbate of another kind, a really bad, sophisticated play on television can spread more at an alarming pressure. I would gladly draw a veil over 'You Touched Me' were it not that this play was puffed as something of a feat in the cap of B.B.C. television drama. It was branded with two justly famous names, those of D. H. Lawrence and Tennessee Williams and it boasted in its cast list some distinguished theatrical names. Moreover it was what B.B.C. comparatively seldom gives us on Sunday night: a novelty, a 'first performance in England' which is no doubt not as sensational and mind stirring as those 'world premières' beloved of the ballet fraternity. 'You Touched Me' can scarcely have touched anyone, surely, not even the lunatic fringe.

The piece was said to be based on a story Lawrence; but in the nature of things Lawrence—being dead—could hardly have imagined the prosaic realities of the more recent of the world wars. What was perhaps conceivable in 1916 setting became wholly preposterous when set in 1943. For one thing, now, the war there were no maids in 1943, I aver; certainly not like this one, a cheerful, giggling, compe little person as Joan Plowright presented, who would most certainly have been a W.A.A.F. Flight Sergeant by that period. Again, who did the dipsomaniac get his drink? Or the one with the melancholy air her marmalade? No word about rations. And the reactions of elder generation to the news about bombs in Berlin were so extravagantly silly, one aches to turn the whole false, feeble tale into silence at dusk. At one point, I noticed the heroine refer to the Canadian airman whose appearance was so disturbing to her as 'a soldier'. I suppose it was Mr. Williams' idea to make him what an English miss otherwise called a 'flyer' (bomber pilot was the word she would have used, as one should have been able to point out): fit just one of those little things which cumulate and add up to artistic disaster.

These young people were anyhow abstruse



Scene from 'You Touched Me!' on September 9, with (left to right) Avril Elgar as Matilda Rockley, Jerry Stovin as Hadrian, and Wilfrid Lawson as Cornelius Rockley



Somerset Maugham's 'Theatre' on September 6 with (left to right) John McCallum as Michael Gosselyn, June Havoc as Julia Lambert, and Bryan Forbes as Tom Fennel

ns: the one Virility, represented by a charity
r, who returned 'home' a commissioned
cer (one who went to bed, we noticed, like
ry son John' in the nursery rhyme 'with his
users on'!). The sleeping beauty he was
tined to awaken (symbolic mention of vines
ich had overgrown the windows) was a
inking Virgin who sat about all day, like the
ne girl in *The Glass Menagerie*, polishing
ags and looking bilious. This one also wore
hair down to her waist and a muslin dress
ne nineteen-elevens which charmed the lonely
nan. Why? And, again, why should a good-
king Canadian D.F.C. have been so lonely
leave in Britain in 1943? These parts were
ayed by Jerry Stovin and Avril Elgar, who
our sympathy as players. At the end when
young woman, like Lizzie Lindsay, put her
ts and her hair up and managed a smile
ore eloping with the manly young 'bastard'
her aunt called him), one saw that Miss Elgar
really a pretty and sensitive looking young
man and not a caricature of one of Joyce
Giffell's unkindest aunt sallies.

Caricature, however, is contagious. André van
eghem had what I am sure he found the
asteful task of guying a clergyman, an ass in
retta who was afraid of women and barking
ts, and who once even came in at a run beating
nd him with his umbrella—like Old Mother
y. Wilfrid Lawson had the role of a drunken
ebate, reformed in the end and donning a
or suit to escort his loathed sister through
rench windows to the sound of church bells
d the producer never hear about the ban on
ch bells during the war?). Mr. Lawson
ed and leered. Let me award him marks for
least unconvincing performance of the even-
y. As the sex-starved spinster aunt, that turnip
st beloved of both authors concerned, Fay
npton did her considerable utmost but really
ed not redeem such dreadful revue-sketch
as the singing of 'O that we two were
ing' or the firing of the blunderbuss to scare
fox (symbol); all of which she would have
e more happily if given the moral support
f false nose and a cottage-loaf wig, instead
f severely utility looking coat and skirt (one
e few touches of realism). Michael Elliott's
uction was 'game', I suppose, though the
tras caught a crab once and something
y and visible behind curtains went down
a ton of bricks, and was hoisted about
sad of being left where it was during a crucial

first scene. (A moral: let fallen props lie.)

Looking back to 'Theatre', Maugham's clever
and thoroughly competent study of an actress
in private life became all the greater pleasure.
The start of a new 'Bunter' series and a new
outlay of crime adventures with Mervyn Johns
are welcome but must await development, both.
Otherwise the best things have been on film:
'Four in a Jeep' and a re-showing of the Burns
and Allen one about Gracie's birthday muddle.
In music, Tony Martin's vociferous personality
came over strongly: and Peter Katin, standing
in for Moura Lympny at short notice, played
the piano beautifully.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

What Next?

IT WAS, you must know, 'before the famine
time' that Ooshla Clancy left his turf-fire and
his feather-bed, and set off with a pedlar to



Marie Buffandeau in 'Music for You' on September 5

tramp the Irish country. I hope that they dis-
posed of the corpse. Michael J. Molloy's short
play, 'The Paddy Pedlar' (Third), has left me
anxious for a sequel, though this, alas, is the
kind of invention that takes the characters from
us for ever, once they have turned the bend in
the road. It is a macabre fantasy, as unexpected
in its fashion as Mr. Molloy's extended play,
'The King of Friday's Men', though without
quite the same glint in the speech.

The lesson here seems to be that if you want
to rob a paddy pedlar you have put up for the
night, you must make sure—first of all—that
his bag does not hold a corpse. This man, as it
happened, could explain: he was simply carry-
ing his dead 'Ma' home to the North as she
had begged him. It is a dangerous anecdote, one
that needs to be told with unstrained assurance:
if a dramatist does not believe in his own work,
then no one else will. Mr. Molloy, apparently,
does; the curious little piece, after a wavering
start, suddenly finds its course and keeps to it.
The dramatist enables us to see cottage and fire
and turf-room and 'poor man's bed'; and, in
performance, Brian O'Higgins as Ooshla, and
Jack MacGowran, with his squeezed voice as the
pedlar ('For a feather-bed I left you' he
exclaims to the body), kept us in tune with the
play. When it gets going it is both imaginative
radio and something that demands, tantalisingly,
the sequel it will not have. I want to know what
happened to Ooshla and his companion while
'living in the wind': I have an impression that
the single-minded pedlar could develop into a
roaring bore if given his chance, a long day in
front of him.

After this, 'Compassion' (Home) is like a
frigid urban morning. Certainly I would like to
hear the future history of that stilted pair, the
Slomans, though there again I doubt whether
we shall ever be told. Edward Hyams, engaged
on a problem that Galsworthy might have
enjoyed, is talking of the quality of compassion
in a scientist's work and his private life. He
asks how a man who toils for the welfare of
millions can be blindly selfish in his own home,
as well as blind to the dangers of one form of
official patronage. There is more than this. It
makes a contentious play, spoiled (I feel) because
the dramatist has not unstarched his dialogue.
Maybe it is a change to get back from casual-
flicking 'realistic' to-and-fro, but in 'Compas-
sion' we are caught up now and then by such
phrases as 'Mother, your astringency is too much



EUROPE IN PERSchweptive

Last comes our surprise report from SPAIN. Our corps of Schweppesialists, unpaid (but on an ex-schweppes account) have reported that in Spain there is no sign of any Perschweptive whatever. To clarify their findings in a phrase — was is is, is is was. Dr. Rudelsbein, the American member of our team, an ethnoeducationist, researching on the Spanish tendency to be slightly late, was able to prove, by living for two months in a *choza* above Torremolinos, that he "found no progress among teen-age groups in the awareness of the core activities vital to life-adjustment problems, so that there were as yet few of the basic social processes one would hope would evolve from a more balanced behaviour relationship."



But if Old is New and New is Old, there is some hope that western influences may before long be making their mark on Spanish peninsularity. If there are still areas untouched by chewing gum, and restaurants which make no attempt to serve warmed-up shepherd's pie and stewed bottled rhubarb, there are definite signs of soccer in Madrid, the ladies of the flounce and the castanet have been observed casting anonymous glances at the more or less two piece, and the fact that the biggest bull-ring in Barcelona has recently seen a performance of Cinderella on ice suggests a glorious future, even a more pleasing present. If in Spain the Perschweptive is intangible, we can still say it is a land of prospewpts.

Written by Stephen Poller; designed by George Kim

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

for me at times', 'There are few things more contemptible than this hypocritical deprecation of their own standards by men of superior mind and spirit', or 'I confess that as regards any practical application of your theories, I have yet to be convinced'.

Some of the acting seemed, not surprisingly, to be as formal as the dialogue. It was a relief to hear Harry Towb as a Brigadier, vocally from the Ooshla country (though with a sinister shadow behind him), and Peggy Thorpe-Bates' quiet truth as the old servant with crippled hands. She has to cope, poor woman, with the very 'dean of the world's plant pathologists': the moment when a box of microscope-slides falls from her grasp is the most compelling scene in a piece that I am sure would be more compelling if it were allowed to thaw. As it is, I am anxious about the future of those romans, and that is possibly a tribute to the dramatist.

I have no wish to go further into the story of 'The Ivory Tower' (Home). Once Jan Daubek, the harried ex-Foreign Minister, is dead—again one remembers the Masaryk parallel—ought must close down on that central European country: to know more would be too painful. William Templeton's grave, grey drama fares better on radio than it did in the West End. We get a clear idea of the university town outside the Daubek home, of the weight upon 'the nation of rejoicing people'. Mercifully, the author does not strike attitudes. The York Repertory Company kept a similar control—occasionally too much, I thought, though John Arrie's Daubek (the moderate who had worked for a bloodless compromise) held our sympathetic respect; Arthur Rees was an oily silk-worm of a professor, and Dennis Spencer had the right approach to another of those ubiquitous American journalists—there was one in 'Commission'.

Quietly, my listening week faded out to the rhythm of the dance—'The Dance' (for that is the only title), near Polchester, that Hugh Calpole's Jeremy, white-waistcoated, attended at the age of ten. It was there that he met the best dancer in the world, told her his fears and hopes he might be the regular half-back next year if 'refusis' went to Eton—had his exasperating encounter with the Dean's Ernest, and cut the cake at supper. I had missed the original half-hour, and it was a pleasure to collect the repetition (Home), to observe the smoothness of the Oldfield Box's version, and the eagerness of my May. No need to ask what would happen to Jeremy: we knew.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Slices of Life

'PASSAGE TO ENGLAND', in which Mr. Nirad Chaudhuri reported on his first visit to England—a visit of a month in the spring of last year—in the form of four dialogues between himself and his two sons, reached the third dialogue, 'In Search of the Muse', last Thursday. In this he gave his impressions of our cultural life and its place in the life of the nation, and I found them very cheering. He was amazed to see middle-class people crowding to concerts, to the National Gallery, to the Old Vic (see 'As You Like It'), or sleeping out all night to secure a place for some other Shakespeare play at Stratford-on-Avon. Why, he asked, do they go to such plays? And he replied 'Because they have never ceased to be Elizabethans'. For the past and present are linked in 'a way of being taken quite easily and naturally'. Mr. Chaudhuri's impressions, seen with the fresh eyes of a cultured stranger, should reassure those of us who are apt to moan about the invasion

of the cheap and nasty in the fiction, films, radio, and television of today.

Another visitor from India, Cynthia Arakie, born and bred in Calcutta, described in 'Where the Twain Meet' the life past and present of the Anglo-Indian in India. Anglo-Indian, she explained, means nowadays a person with one English and one Indian parent. Hitherto Anglo-Indians have been a community apart both from the English and the Indians. Mrs. Arakie and her mother before her were educated at a convent where the subjects taught were the same as in an upper-class English girls' school; but now a change has crept in. Her daughter who is at the same convent now is learning Bengali and this may mean, Mrs. Arakie hopes, that the Anglo-Indians may eventually be integrated into Indian society. Her talk was not only full of human interest; it gave, besides, a glimpse of Indian social history which was new to me, and it was made the more attractive by being very well delivered.

Donald Boyd, in his talk on Thursday, gave us a narrower glimpse into social history, no wider in fact than 'Two Edwardian Families', which was not only unmistakably true to period but extremely amusing. When Mr. Boyd unexpectedly breaks out of his quiet, ruminating, confidential self and becomes two rudely argumentative people or other unlikely characters the surprise makes the turn all the more comical. Neither 'comical' nor 'amusing' are appropriate adjectives for the quarter of an hour spent with Charles Gardner at 'Farnborough Air Display'. As one not yet acclimatised to these rocket-launched, sound-barrier-bursting contrivances which disturb my work in the garden, I prefer the words 'hair-raising'. Not that Mr. Gardner himself produced this effect. His commentary was exact and informative, but the noises which followed his descriptions filled me with a disapproving delight, a horrified gleam; they left me in fact with not only split ear-drums but a split personality.

I wish I could apply one at least of these adjectives, or at least the word 'lively', to the broadcast which followed three hours later called 'Scientists in Session', but in the interests of scientific accuracy I must use the word 'dull'. The programme professed to give impressions of this year's meeting of the British Association at Sheffield, and therefore it seemed to me a pity to devote so large a part of the half-hour to a discussion of a new scheme of education combining science and the arts, so that some knowledge of science would give students of the arts an idea of scientific method and the inclusion of some aspects of the arts, such as history, would broaden the outlook of those studying science which by itself tends to turn a student into a specialist. Such a scheme is highly desirable and I am all for it, but the discussion, I thought, hung heavy on the ear and it left little time for other matters. Disappointing, too, was Maurice Richardson's talk on 'Meeting a Murderer' which I had counted on to cheer me up after my session with the scientists. But no; Mr. Richardson's talk was largely used in recording the time spent in 'Le Refuge', a squalid *bistro* in Paris, waiting for a promised introduction to the murderer who, when at last he turned up, was a sad flop. Nor did I learn anything of the Paris underworld which, according to the *Radio Times* 'blurb', so fascinated Mr. Richardson.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Concerts for Everyman

THE ANNUAL SEASON of Promenade Concerts comes to an end this week, and the moment is convenient for a backward glance at what has been done during these two months in the

presence of probably a quarter of a million people—not to mention those, myself among them, who have listened more or less assiduously from afar. The continued popularity of the Proms justifies one in accepting the programmes as reflecting the present state of the public's taste in music, though some allowance should be made for the B.B.C.'s good intentions both to their audience and to modern composers. Like Sir Henry Wood in the old days, the Corporation uses the bait of the familiar to widen the interests of the audience.

Among the four dozen symphonies, nearly six dozen concertos, and uncounted miscellaneous works, there have been only a few actual first performances. As Julian Herbage remarks in the foreword to the season's prospectus, composers of any standing have little difficulty nowadays in obtaining a first hearing. The real difficulty lies in getting a second one. And here the Proms are doing a most useful service to contemporary music. Quite a large proportion of the works starred as novelties—among them Arthur Benjamin's Piano Concerto, Gerald Finzi's for violoncello, Alun Hoddinott's for clarinet, Humphrey Searle's for pianoforte, Lennox Berkeley's 'Nelson' Suite and Iain Hamilton's Symphonic Variations—received their first performances at the Cheltenham Festival and now have, most of them, been played for the first time in London. The foreign novelties are also mostly in the same category: works that have been heard once or twice before, but are by no means familiar.

Among them a number of compositions by Prokofiev and Shostakovich represent the current interest in Russian contemporary art, nicely balanced by an American programme in which, however, only Copland's Third Symphony was of comparable stature.

Not all these works have been heard in the broadcasts, though I have the impression that more of the concerts than usual have been put on the air, sometimes divided between two different programmes. And here the influence of the broadcast-planners upon the concert-planners has been felt, as when the orthodox Beethoven first part in the Home Service on July 27 was followed by a typical Third Programme second part. The Light has had its happy Saturday evenings—by no means to be sniffed at in that they have contained, besides much excellent 'light' music, a concerto by Mozart and symphonies by Beethoven, Franck and, on the last night, Sibelius.

When one turns from the fine promise of these multifarious programmes to their fulfilment, faith in the good judgement of the public is somewhat shaken. Did the audience really enjoy as much as its rapturous applause seemed to indicate performances that often sounded, in the cold light of a broadcast hearing away from communal enthusiasms, dull and lifeless? Yet I noticed after the good performance of Vaughan Williams' Eighth Symphony given by the Hallé Orchestra under Basil Cameron the week before last a special enthusiasm which was absent after the not so good one of Schubert's Symphony in B flat. So perhaps there is some discrimination.

There is really no excuse, when five orchestras are engaged to undertake these admittedly heavy programmes, for such stodgy performances as that given on the second night of the season of Mozart's 'Prague' Symphony or at the first of the two concerts by the Liverpool Philharmonic of Beethoven's Fifth. I will qualify this by saying that, apart from some snatching at the accents in the *Allegro*, the two opening movements were well enough played. But the Scherzo plodded heavily along, and the finale was so grossly overplayed that it had no dignity, let alone grandeur. And what can one say of a Bach programme wherein the finale of the Third



WE HAVE NOT ACHIEVED PERFECTION

Users of this new Grundig Tape Recorder may disagree with our statement; but "perfection" is a word which has a knack of easing itself into the description of any new instrument—until a new model comes along!

The TK8, with its brilliant styling and extraordinary performance demonstrates again that beyond each past achievement there has remained some room for refinement and improvement. With the TK8 we seem to have reached the perfect combination of efficiency, beauty and utility in tape recorders. We shall be glad to hear what you think, when you have tried it.

GET THE MOST OUT OF LIFE NOW—GET A GRUNDIG TK8-3D

GRUNDIG

TK8-3D

Price

72 GNS.

(excluding
microphone)

GRUNDIG (Great Britain) LIMITED

Advertising & Showrooms: 39/41 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

Trade enquiries to: KIDBROOKE PARK ROAD, LONDON, S.E.3

**FOR FULL DETAILS
POST THIS COUPON**

Dept. L. Please send me the illustrated TK8-3D leaflet and the name of my nearest stockist.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

(Electronics Division, Gas Purification & Chemical Co., Ltd.)

G8

"The Gateway to the Continent"



for **Holland · Denmark
Sweden · Germany · Austria
Switzerland · Italy**

Return halves
of tickets
available by
either
**DAY OR NIGHT
SERVICES**

Full details from:—British Railways' Continental Office, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.2 and Travel Centre, Lower Regent Street, S.W.1, stations and agencies; or Wm. H. Muller & Co., 66 Haymarket, London, S.W.1.

BRITISH RAILWAYS · ZEELAND S.S. CO.

Relax with Mr Brandyman



**a long, refreshing drink
with ginger ale or soda**

Make the most of MARTELL. Make it a long drink—a long, luxurious, stimulating drink, with Ginger Ale or Soda—and ice, if preferred. You'll be glad you took the tip from Mr. Brandyman.

Make friends with
MARTELL

andenburg Concerto sounded like a scramble with the parts chasing one another round the Albert Hall, which, by the way, has not always proved a good broadcasting studio this season? In the Bach programme just mentioned the seeming features were the playing of the Misses Trimble in the slow movement of the public Concerto in C minor, and the singing of Helen Watts who, with Heather Harper on another evening, made the most striking impression among the younger performers. There were plenty of famous executants who did themselves

credit, though there was one performance of a familiar concerto in which the distinguished soloist seemed to be acting on the principle of the old Chinese landscape-painters who gained their effects by what they left out.

Still, there have been many good and enjoyable performances during the season. In particular, the Hallé Orchestra, put on its mettle perhaps by being deprived at the last moment of its permanent conductor, gave an excellent performance of Schubert's Ninth Symphony under the direction of George Weldon. At this concert

Evelyn Rothwell played an attractive Oboe Concerto by Geoffrey Bush which was one of the quasi-novelties of the season. And at a later concert Mr. Cameron gave us a performance of Brahms' Fourth Symphony which was far more Brahmsian than the glossy rendering of the Third conducted by Monteux at Edinburgh. It was an 'Everyman's Library' sort of performance—nothing *de luxe*, but clearly printed and stoutly bound. Perhaps that is all we have the right to expect of the Proms.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Byrd and the Catholic Liturgy

By WILFRID MELLERS

Byrd's three Masses will be broadcast on Wednesday, September 19, Saturday, September 22, and Wednesday, September 26 (all at 10.35 p.m. in the Third Programme)

THE greatest composer of his day, Byrd worked for, and was revered by, a Protestant queen. Yet, he himself adhered to the old Faith and, at the height of his powers, composed three Masses—three, four, and five voices respectively—for Catholic liturgy. Admittedly, this was after Elizabeth's death; and the Masses were performed only in the private chapels of Catholic nobles. But these works are not in any way anachronistic when seen against the background of Elizabethan polyphony; and this superlatively odd fact tells us something about the Reformation.

At least, it suggests that the Reformation was at a sharp fight between opposing creeds. One might rather say that the Elizabethan age owed its greatness to the fact that it implied an interpenetration of two views of the world. From one point of view, it was the climax of centuries of evolution, inheriting conceptions of order which belonged to the Christian hierarchy of the Middle Ages. From another point of view, it represented a growing concern with the individual consciousness—with the humanist belief in the personal will that was to destroy the Middle Ages in creating the modern world. The formative conflicts of the sixteenth century—the Civil War of the seventeenth—were merely one external symbol of a change in consciousness that entailed, inevitably, changes in social structure.

Let us look at one of the greatest, and latest, achievements of English liturgical music in the Catholic world. In Dunstable's motet, 'Veni Sancte Spiritus', the vocal lines are smoothly flowing, moving mainly by step or by minor thirds, so that they preserve much of the serene, non-dramatic quality of plainsong. The melody and the concourse of lines makes tends to a more triadic than the harmony of a late medieval master such as Machaut: it has a phony sensuousness typical of Renaissance humanism. But this harmony is not structural: the motet is organised on medieval—on linear—rhythmic rather than on harmonic principles. The whole structure is dominated by the dogma of the plainsong *cantus firmus*, which is played instrumentally, in three sections. Each part, in each section, repeats more or less exactly the metrical pattern—but not the intervals—of the previous section. Since there is virtually no repetition of phrase, the lines tend to flow on timelessly, while being subservient to plainsong dogma and to a ritualistic sense of magic or numbers. There is even a ritual significance in the fact that the threefold repetition of the *cantus firmus* progressively increases the time-values by one third. To contrast this sophisticated, ritualistic structure

with a piece of 'Reformed' church music like Farrant's familiar 'Lord, for Thy tender mercies' sake'. The language is now English, in place of a hieratic Latin. The parts, though vocally conceived, move note for note in block harmony, so that the words stand a reasonable chance of being heard. Whereas Dunstable's melodic contours, unlike his metrical patterns, are not repeated, Farrant's clauses tend to be symmetrically disposed; the form of the piece depends on a simple equilibrium of harmonic cadences. Of course, this harmonic style is common in Catholic church music too, especially after the decrees of the Council of Trent had insisted on the 'humanising' of ritual. It is not, however, an accident that it should have been so popular in England with the composers of the Reformed Church.

Now the greatest music of the Elizabethan and Jacobean age—this is true whether the music be written for the Reformed Church or, like Byrd's Masses, for Catholic chapels—achieves in musical technique a fusion between the extremes represented by Dunstable's motet and Farrant's anthem. In Byrd's Masses we find nothing so simple as Farrant's block harmonies; each line preserves independence in a habitually contrapuntal idiom. Yet the harmonic texture of Byrd's music is much denser than that of either Dunstable or Farrant: for the interplay of his lines is so devised that they create not merely a pleasing euphony, but a poignant dissonance on the expressive words of the text. The use of the chord of the augmented fifth is a familiar example; so is the English partiality for false relation. Such harmonic intensity means, too, a modified conception of rhythm. The composer has to think simultaneously of the melodic beauty of his lines: and of the emotional possibilities of tension and relaxation between the chords that these lines create. Such alternations of tension are impossible without the recognition of what we would call a strong and a weak beat. So, just as the composer thought of his music on a melodic and a harmonic plane simultaneously, he thought of it also on two rhythmic planes at once. The free melodic rhythm preserves the music's inner vitality. The collective harmonic rhythm gives the music its sense of direction and momentum.

This 'harmonic polyphony' is least conspicuous in the relatively thin texture of the three-part Mass, with its radiant *Agnus Dei*; it is most evident in the richly sonorous Mass for five voices. Consider, for instance, how Byrd sets the words '*miserere nobis*' in the five-part *Agnus*. If one sang through each line separately one might say that there was nothing in the music that could not have occurred in Dunstable, Farrant, or in plainsong itself: the melodies

still move mainly by step and by minor thirds, in what appears to be a metreless fluidity. Yet the effect of the five voices sung together is different from anything in our earlier examples. The suspended seventh between alto and bass (bar 19): the suspended C in the soprano which creates something that sounds like a sensuous added sixth chord, only to 'resolve' on to the acuter dissonance of the minor ninth (bar 19): most of all, the suspended seventh in the tenor combined with the soprano's sharpened third (bar 20): these imbue the music with a tragic pathos that one might almost call Shakespearean. This is one way of saying that, although still liturgical, the music is also humanistic, even latently dramatic. It becomes patently so—in a more superficial sense—in Byrd's setting of the 'Et Resurrexit', especially if such settings be compared with the less descriptive approach of an early Tudor composer such as Fayrfax. It is significant that these implicitly dramatic moments in Byrd always entail the temporary dominance of dance rhythm over the rhythm of the human voice.

I have suggested that Byrd's technique in his Masses involves a rich (and of course intuitive) reintegration of inherited Christian ideas of order with the humanist impulses of the time. The comparison hinted at between England's greatest composer and her greatest poet is thus neither fortuitous nor imprecise. For Shakespeare, like Marlowe, started from an acute awareness of division between two views of the world: and in 'Hamlet' created a hero-villain whose problem was itself a conflict between an inherited Christian ethic and the desire or need of the individual to take the law into his own hands. Hamlet did not resolve his dilemma; but Shakespeare does, through the sequence of plays from 'King Lear' onwards. Whether, as some think, Shakespeare died formally a Catholic is unimportant. But it is important that the themes of his last plays, with their obsession with rebirth and incarnation, should manifest a profoundly humanistic recreation of Catholic doctrine. One could not pay Byrd a higher tribute than to say that his achievement, in the technique of his Masses, strictly parallels Shakespeare's achievement in his final plays. Both have the painful serenity of faith not accepted, but attained.

Among recent books received are *Musicians on Music*, edited by F. Bonavia (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 21s.), a collection of comments and criticism made by musicians of many countries on the work of their friends, and enemies; and *The Castrati in Opera*, by Angus Heriot (Secker and Warburg, 30s.)—the first account to appear in English of the lives and activities of the castrati in the history of opera in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Kit inspection?

Appraisal. Appreciation.

Mutual congratulations.

Yes, you can tell a Vantella.

Tell it by its perfectly groomed Van Heusen collars and cuffs; by the comfort of its roomy chest, unshrinking neckband and convenient coat-cut style; and, in white and plain colours, by its choice of two sleeve lengths. Moderately priced, too, at 49/-

You can tell a
VANTELLA

Regd.

With **VAN HEUSEN** collars and cuffs

The perfect shirt made by **Cotella**

For the Vantella pattern card write to

A/M COTELLA, 30 BINNEY STREET, W.1

©B

The Table Tailored to fit your needs!

The table is adjustable in height to suit your chair or bed.

PRICE **£4.4.0**

From your local furnisher.



Table top veneered in Oak, Mahogany, Walnut or "Durette" plastic. Press buttons to adjust height. Steel tube in scratchproof non-chip plastic. Projecting tubular foot slides easily on the floor.

Patent No. 758113.

STAPLES

'CANTILEVER TABLE'

Write for illustrated leaflet to:

STAPLES & CO. LTD., CRICKLEWOOD, LONDON, N.W.

BM/BOOK

STORIES WANTED

by the British Institute of Fiction-writing Science Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. Suitable stories are revised by us and submitted to editors on a 15% of sales basis. Unsuitable stories are returned with reasons for rejection. Address your MS. to Dept. 32.

WE TEACH ONLY FICTION-WRITING

Criticism and Courses for the discerning by specialists. For 17 years we have been receiving testimonials from full- and part-time authors, professors, doctors, high-ranking officials and officials—all types. Many of the authors you read are ex-students. Our unique system of taking 10% of your sales monies ensures our maximum efforts on your behalf. Fee returned if unearned.

The Professional Touch is FREE from Dept. 32

The Sign of SCIENCE & SALES

LISTEN TO

Major **SIR BRUNEL COHEN, K.B.E.**

appealing for the

"NOT FORGOTTEN" ASSOCIATION

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940... In co-operation with the British Legion.)

which cares for

**WOUNDED AND DISABLED SERVICE
AND EX-SERVICE MEN**

SUNDAY, 16th SEPTEMBER

at 8.25 p.m. (all Home Services)

PLEASE REMEMBER!

CHILDREN PAINTED BY DUTCH ARTISTS (1550-1820)

Arts Council Exhibition

ROYAL ACADEMY

(Diploma Gallery)

Open till 30 Sept.

Weekdays 10-6

(Tues. and Thurs. 10-8) Suns. 2-6

Admission 1/6d.

JEAN-FRANCOIS MILLET

Exhibition of Drawings

ARTS COUNCIL GALLERY

4 St. James's Square, S.W.1

Closes 15 Sept. Fri. and Sat. 10-6

Admission 1/-

TAKE UP PELMANISM

For Courage and Clear-Thinking

The Grasshopper Mind

YOU know the people with "Grasshopper Minds" as well as you know yourself. Their minds nibble at everything and master nothing.

At home in the evening they tune in the radio or television—tire of it—then glance through a magazine—can't get interested. Finally, unable to concentrate on anything, they either go to the pictures or fall asleep in the chair. At their work they always take up the easiest job first, put it down when it gets hard and start something else. Jump from one thing to another all the time.

There are thousands of these people with "Grasshopper Minds" in the world. In fact, they are the very people who do the world's most tiresome tasks and get but a pittance for their work.

What Can You Do About It?

Take up Pelmanism now! A course of Pelmanism brings out the mind's latent powers and develops them to the highest point of efficiency.

Pelmanism banishes such weaknesses as Mind-Wandering, Inferiority and Indecision, and in their place develops strong, positive, vital qualities such as Optimism, Judgment and Will-Power.

The Pelman Course is fully described in "The Science of Success," which will be sent you gratis and post free. WELback 1411/2.

POST THIS FREE COUPON TO-DAY

Pelman Institute, 82 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1
"The Science of Success" please.

Name.....

Address.....

TERYLENE CURTAIN NET

36" 3/11 48" 5/1 per yard
WHITE or ECRU

In complete pieces of approx. 40 yards:—
36" 3/7 48" 4/9 per yard

Samples on request from:—

JOHN DRON LIMITED

Dept. HL. (L)

6 Highgate High St., London, N.6 Tel.: MOUntview 321

for the Housewife

Dealing with Damp in the House

By RUTH DREW

ANY listeners have sad tales to tell of troubles caused by patches of damp appearing on walls. I am afraid, frequently, dealing with these is a job for a professional bricklayer—for example, it may be that the damp course is fractured, or perished, or, worst of all, does not exist. But there are a few points which the ordinary householder can check. For instance, patches of rising damp on walls may be caused by garden soil—soil which has got packed up against the wall above the level of the damp course. The remedy there is obvious: a matter of shifting and uncovering. When there is damp which creeps down from the roof, that may have been caused by choked gutters—leaves may be cluttering them up. In the remedy is obvious. Or the trouble may be a broken slate at the bottom of the roof—just over the wall. That means a skilled roofer. Yet another cause of damp can be a flue packed with rubbish—perhaps an old bird's nest. For all the rain we have had it may have become saturated and that has led to trouble. You will not want me to emphasise an obvious point: damp is a problem not to be neglected in the house. You do not want to run the risk of rot getting a hold. Wise householders press on with repairs as soon as possible. I have received two further questions about damp: 'Is it possible to remove paint marks from other stains from light-coloured cork lino?' 'Is there a satisfactory way of staining or staining cork lino to a darker shade?' You can remove paint stains by rubbing perseveringly with turpentine, or turpentine substitute. I have

been successful sometimes with a wisp of fine steel wool dipped in the turpentine. But you must be fairly light-handed when doing this. A number of stains besides paint will yield to this treatment. And sometimes I have been successful with the aid of one of the pads sold for cleaning aluminium pans—they are made of fine steel wool impregnated with mild soap. A little rub round with one of these, damped, can be a fine mark shifter. But, again, you must be light-handed. The same applies if you feel like doing a little cautious scraping with a blade: a paper knife is no bad weapon for this. It is worth remembering that the better the build-up of wax polish on cork lino, the less likelihood there is of stains sinking in and refusing to budge.

To stain or dye this type of flooring, you can use a good quality wood dye—sold in various shades. The surface has to be really clean before you apply this dye. And it is as well to make a little test to begin with—in a corner where it will not be noticeable. You can always buy a small tin at first, so you need not be landed with a gallon of something the wrong colour. As for painting cork lino, you can use the kind of floor paint that is sold for linoleum. With a wax-polish finish, this wears very well, except on much-used traffic lanes. There, obviously, you need protection with rugs or matting.

One more question: 'How can you keep the inside of wine decanters bright and clean?' You can shift stains with a mixture of vinegar and salt—one tablespoonful of salt to a quarter-pint of vinegar. Leave the solution in the decanter

for a few hours—give it a good shake now and again—and then rinse thoroughly.

—Home Service

Questions put to M. Jean Conil by listeners and viewers have given him the basis for his *Home Cookery Book* (Methuen, 30s.), a comprehensive work which guides the aspiring cook through simple facts on the chemistry of food, and information on kitchen equipment, to more than 600 pages of recipes. M. Conil gives basic principles, followed by 'variations in which the reader is encouraged to use her own initiative and develop her own ideas'.

Notes on Contributors

- DARSIE GILLIE (page 367): Paris correspondent of *Manchester Guardian*
 PETER RAWLINSON (page 369): M.P. (Conservative) Epsom division of Surrey since 1955; has just returned from a visit to the U.S.A.
 S. COOPAN (page 370): research lecturer in economics, Natal University
 ALASDAIR MACINTYRE (page 375): lecturer in the philosophy of religion, Manchester University
 EDMUND RUBBRA (page 379): composer, pianist, and music critic; lecturer in music, Oxford University
 R. W. K. HINTON (page 381): Praelector, Peterhouse College, Cambridge
 VERY REV. M. C. D'ARCY, S.J., D.Litt. (page 386): Provincial of English Provinces of Society of Jesus, 1945-50; the Master of Campion Hall, Oxford, 1932-45; author of *The Mind and Heart of Love*, *The Problem of Evil*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,372.

Imports and Exports

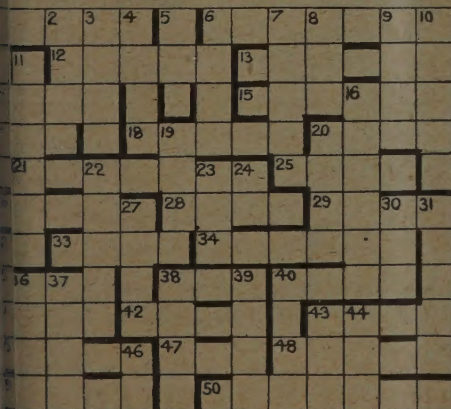
By Rex

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Starting date: first post on Thursday, September 20. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes stating them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, and 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

in the following news items, in the correct order, and always coinciding with the beginning or end of a word, are the jumbled names of countries traded between countries. Each name, after

the alteration of one letter, can be rearranged to form the name of a town which is to be entered in the diagram, e.g., 'Bells will peel specially . . . ' yields 'apples', which after the change of one letter becomes 'Naples'. The remainder of Down clues are normal. Punctuation is to be ignored. Unchecked letters form the following: PRIM RAIL, SEA, AIR TRIPS, ALENCON, DAKAR, HAITI, DONALD B.C.



1A-20A
 A corpse with a broken nose, garments in rags, in one hand a spare shoe, in the other a spur entangled with a cloak, to which strange as it may be, burrs were still adhering, was found late last night only nine feet from a climatis-covered wall of the local cemetery.

21A-38A
 A topic, alluded to last week, it will be remembered, was Mr. Macaw's success in teaching his parrot to sing instead of talk. I'm assured on irrefutable evidence that no great skill is required once the bird has grasped the idea. Training should not be delayed, it need not be said.

40A-50A
 Our ice-hockey team, with its bulldog mascot, has found a possible site for a new ice-rink behind the White Hart Inn. Leading officials, it is also said, are anxious to let seating space, tragically small hitherto, be much greater.

1, 2, 5, 6, 10, 16, 22, 31, 32, 39D

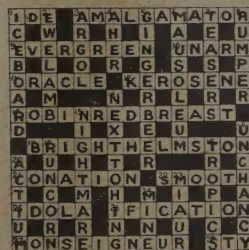
The Monaco Co. whose shop I looked into yesterday, after so low a turnover last year, must have been gratified to see a surging crowd at their sale. 'Yes', said Bert Miller, the manager, 'It's a fair size. I'm a happy man

today. We sincerely hope it will last and be as good again tomorrow'.

DOWN

- 3 & 24. Haphazard Roderick (6)
 4. The exam is an alternative to the learner (4)
 7. Spenser and Shakespeare lose (5)
 8. Sin of commission and omission (3)
 9R. A shed, but not to spare (4)
 11. When mad, he charges 10s. 6d. (6)
 19. Scottish 43D. (4)
 20. Two kings make a drink (4)
 23R. Lorsque le joueur fait soixante (3)
 27. Mixed diet of smallest range (4)
 30R. Fanatic loses a great deal of Indian corn (3)
 36. Grudgingly deal out pain (4)
 37. 'And borrowing dulls the — of husbandry' (4)
 38. Name (4)
 40. Failure of a lady (4)
 43. See 19 (3)
 44 & 46. Wee quantities for a dog with directions (5)

Solution of No. 1,370



NOTES

- Across: 1. I'd. 3. A-malg-a-mat-or. 9. Ever-green. 17. Bright-helm-on. 21. Con-not-ation. 22. S-moot-h. 26. Not-ification. 28. S-not-y: Midshipman Easy.
 Down: 1. Not-ice-board. 4. A-not-her. 7. Two meanings. 8. No-t-rumper. 13. Next to not-hing. 18. R-unco-R.N. 23. Mi-not-aur.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: W. S-ott (Stroud); 2nd prize: R. A. C. Simmonds (Maidenhead); 3rd prize: H. S. Cotterell (Manchester).

LEISURE is well spent in reading for a DEGREE

● One of today's problems is that of making the best use of leisure hours. To those who are studiously inclined we suggest that spare time might well be occupied in reading for a Degree: not merely for the material advantages, but also for the widening of outlook, and development of mental abilities. Moreover, under experienced and sympathetic guidance studying *at home* becomes a pleasurable occupation.

● London University Degrees are open to all. You need not attend the University. All that is necessary is to pass three examinations (in some cases, two). You may study for these in your own time and wherever you are.

● Wolsley Hall Postal Courses for these examinations are conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors. The Courses comprise Lessons, Test Papers, Model answers, correction of your work and solution of all difficulties by your tutors. A Guarantee is given that, in the event of failure, tuition will be continued free. Fees may be spread over the period of the Course. More than 11,000 Successes at Lond. Univ. Exams. alone from 1947.

● Write for Prospectus to C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Director of Studies, Dept. FE24.

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD



UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

Founder: WILLIAM BRIGGS, LL.D., D.C.L., M.A., B.Sc.

Principal: CECIL BRIGGS, M.A., M.C.

Vice-Principal: ARNOLD SAXELBYE, M.A.CAMB., B.A.LOND.

LONDON UNIVERSITY DEGREES

B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), B.Sc.(Soc.), LL.B., B.D., B.Mus.

- Degrees of London University are open without residence and thus can be obtained by spare time study. U.C.C. prepares students for the relative examinations, i.e. General Certificate of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree), Intermediate and Final. Usually it is necessary to pass three exams., but two only in certain cases. Tuition is given also for Post-Graduate Certificate in Education, Diplomas in Public Administration, Social Studies, and various other Diplomas.
- The College, founded 1887, is an Educational Trust not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern, and has a staff of highly qualified Tutors who are specialists in teaching by post. The moderate tuition fees may be paid by instalments if desired.

More than 37,600 U.C.C. students passed London University examinations during the years 1920-1955.

★ Write for free PROSPECTUS to the Registrar,
56 BURLINGTON HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE

FREE BOOKLET ON ENGLISH

for Readers of "The Listener"

If you are interested in learning to speak and write well send today to The Institute for a free copy of "Word Master" which describes the well-known English Course.

This informative booklet shows language-power gives you poise and popularity and success... tells how simple, well-tested method you can use and enjoyably improve your English, the art of writing letters... record many students say that the moderate the best investment they have ever made.

Write today to The Regent Institute, 391A, Palace Gate, London, W.8. Is interesting 24-page booklet and enc. 2d. stamp to cover postage.

SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College modern Postal is the most efficient, the most economical the most convenient means of preparing General Certificate of Education and exams.: for B.A., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., external London University Degrees: in Service, Local Government and commerce: for professional exams. in Accountancy, Costing, Secretarialship and Management; for I.S.M.A., Inst. of Export exams. Many intensely practical (non-course) business subjects. More than 90,000 POST-WAR EXAM. SUCCESS. Guarantee of Coaching until Success. Text-book lending library. Moderate payable by instalments.

Write today for prospectus, sent free on request, mentioning exam. or subject which interested to the Secretary.

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE
ST. ALBANS

or call 30 Queen Victoria Street, London

Three-quarters of A MILLION POUNDS

—that is the cost, each year, of the Lifeboat Service: and it must be met entirely from voluntary contributions. Yours, however small, will help: send it to

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION

42, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1

Treasurer: His Grace The Duke of Northumberland
Secretary: Col. A. D. Burnett Brown, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., M.A.

An Irish Coxswain



FREE BROCHURE ON THE LATEST METHODS OF HOME TRAINING

CAREERS—HOBBIES—NEW INTERESTS

PRIVATE AND INDIVIDUAL TUITION IN YOUR OWN HOME

NEW!

LEARN THE PRACTICAL WAY

with EXPERIMENTAL OUTFITS

With many courses we supply equipment for practical work at reasonable cost. These include:

RADIO, TELEVISION, ELECTRICITY, CHEMISTRY, MECHANICS, CARPENTRY, PHOTOGRAPHY, DRAWING, etc.

Courses from 15/- per month

EMI INSTITUTES

An Educational Organisation associated with E.M.I. group of Companies including: "HIS MASTER'S VOICE", COLUMBIA, etc.

Over 150 courses which include:—Art, Accountancy, Auto. & Aero. Eng., Book-keeping, Civil Service, Draughtsmanship, Elec. Eng., Journalism, Languages, Mech. Eng., Office Organisation, Photography, Production Engineering, Radio, Salesmanship, Secretarialship, Television, Writing, and many others
Also courses for General Certificate of Education, B.Sc. (Eng.), A.M.I. Mech. E., A.M.I. E.E., L.I.O.B., A.A.C.C.A., A.C.I.S., A.M. Brit. I.R.E., City & Guilds Examination, etc. Send for details of our FREE ADVICE SERVICE

POST THIS COUPON TODAY.

Send for our FREE book, E.M.I. INSTITUTES,
Dept. 183, Grove Park Road, London, W.4.

NAME
ADDRESS

Subject(s) of Interest I.C.70

Printed in England by Waterlow and Sons Limited, Twyford Abbey Road, Park Royal, N.W.10, and published by the British Broadcasting Corporation at 35 Marylebone Hill, London, W.1.—All editorial communications to the Editor, THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. September 13, 1956

—and now the

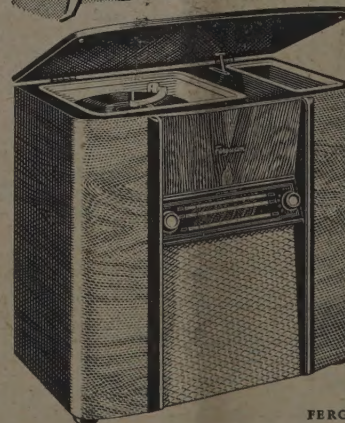
Ferguson 'Favourite'



auto-radiogram

AM and VHF/M
4 speeds

53 GNS



This Ferguson 'Favourite' 385RG is a completely new with new and valuable features: a 4-speed autochange radio giving 16 2/3 r.p.m. as well as 5000 cycles per second. It has a 5-valve circuit covering VHF/M in to the usual medium and low bands. It has a separate Ferrite aerial for AM, an VHF aerial and a 3-watt feed-back amplifier feeding diameter speaker. In its walnut veneered cabinet, with storage space for records, only 53 gns. tax paid.

FERGUSON 'Favourite' 385RG Radio



...fine sets these

FERGUSON

THORN ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES LTD., 233 SHATESBURY AVENUE, LONDON